

# COLLIER'S

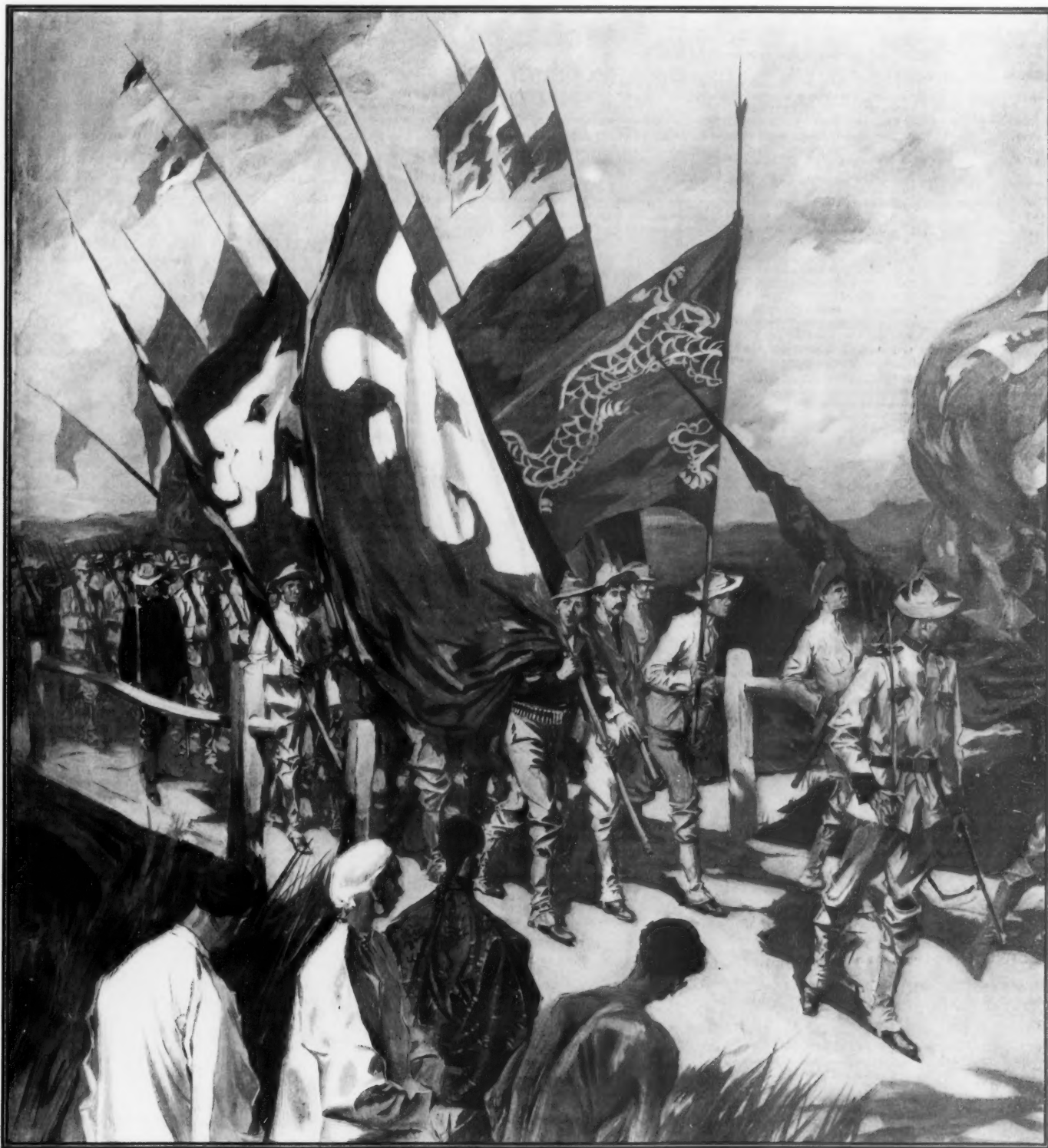
## WEEKLY JOURNAL of CURRENT EVENTS

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PRICE TEN CENTS



### CAPTURED CHINESE FLAGS

AMERICAN SOLDIERS BRINGING INTO CAMP FLAGS CAPTURED FROM BOXER INSURGENTS IN AN ENGAGEMENT NEAR TIEN-TSIN. DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY A CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK CITY 1801

# AFTER THREE GENERATIONS

## A Story of New York's Past and Present

By E. S. MARTIN

WITH DRAWINGS BY JOHN CLAY AND ALBERT LEVERING

AFTER ALL, great-great-uncle," said I, "there's nothing so interesting in New York this morning as you are."

"Perhaps not to you, Charles, for to you I have the charm of novelty, but to me everything is more interesting than I. This extraordinary palace that we are eating in, for example, which you take so much as a matter of course. Can you conceive how remarkable it seems to me?"

We were breakfasting in one of the new clubs uptown, sitting by a window in an upper story above the chimneys of the



nearby houses, and as we ate our eggs and bacon and drank our coffee my great-great-uncle's eyes wandered out over the expanse of

homesteps stretching south. He had met me at the club's entrance by appointment the night before, that in my company he might look over, once more, a city that he had not seen since he left it three generations ago. He had accepted the situation frankly, abjuring all bewilderment, and had attuned his mind to receive all the new impressions it would hold without protest and without undue excitement. But it was marvelously interesting to watch him. Of course he had seen buildings before and understood that stones could be heaped on stones until the pile was mighty. The club seemed to him magnificent, as indeed it is, but not at all incomprehensible.

"A club, Charles," he cried, "in such a palace as this. Dear man, what can clubs have come to be in these years that I have been out of the world? There were clubs in my day—in London; not in New York. We read of them. For us there were taverns."

I had explained to him some hat about our clubs, how they were useful institutions in my generation, how this one where he was to pass the night had, maybe, three thousand members, and how a moderate fee from each member of so considerable an army made possible a rather staggering appearance of material luxury. The members, he had suggested, must all be rich men, but I had explained away that idea. I said most of them were comparatively poor, and that had involved some explanation of what number of dollars a year now constituted a tolerable insufficiency of means in our New York. When I told him that an income of ten thousand a year didn't do much more than keep the wolves from our doors, and that incomes fifty times as great as that were getting rather common, and that there were men in New York who gave away two or three millions a year and still did not check the increase of their fortunes, he accepted it as credible, for he showed a generous confidence in all my tales, but comprehensible to him it evidently was not, nor did he exert himself to take it in. He had no mind to strain his imagination over figures when material surprises that he could see and touch assailed his attention at every turn.

He wore a queue, and knee-breeches of course, and his clothes and hat were not of the prevailing mode; but we are so various in our dress nowadays, and the odd costumes of foreigners are so common in New York, that his coming into the club, late in the evening, had excited little attention. His bedroom was on the sixth floor, and of course we took the elevator. I put my arm around him to steady him as the little room shot up. He saw what it did, and when he got out he sat down on the bench and wanted to know. I told him something about elevators—when they began, how slow they were at first, how they had increased their speed as speed had become necessary, and how buildings had reached up higher and higher as the speed of elevators increased. How were they run? By steam, or hydraulic power, or electricity, I said. I didn't know more about them myself, as I admitted, than that you got in and a man pulled a rope or turned a wheel or moved a crank and the thing went up. The main thing was that you didn't have to



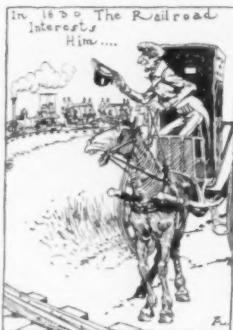
walk upstairs. He understood that much perfectly. I told him that I myself was not in my first youth, that I had watched the development of the last third of the century, and that the breakneck pace at which it had gone on had long ago swamped my ability to absorb details. I could see results and could compare a little, but processes usually baffled me.

When I got him to his bedroom he recognized the bed as a bed, and said it was a good one. He was well lodged, he

said. The great novelty was the running water, and that he tested and approved, and when I showed him a bathroom he was delighted, and though it was hard for him to conceive of the need of such an immense profusion of water, and though he insisted that my generation seemed to require a prodigious amount of soaking, he said it all seemed to be good and asked to know what particular strokes of enterprise had made it all feasible. I told him we owed our plumbing, as we did most of the innovations which had most changed the looks and relations of things, to the steady and rapid development of the iron and steel industries. Our whole civilization, I explained to him, seemed to rest on coal and iron. Coal to him was a mineral that was of interest chiefly to geologists. He had seen specimens of it; hardly more. Wood was the fuel he knew. So I rehearsed to him how coal was come to be king, how the very framework of society was iron, how iron water-pipes had made possible the triumph of the plumber, and the greatest single luxury that our cities had—abundant water for domestic use, to flush the sewers and wet the streets, and to put out fires.

He got something of the idea—enough for him, enough for me. There was so much to tell him that I had constantly to guard against becoming too pedagogical and forcing more dry information on the old man than he cared to assimilate. When his eyes began to grow dreamy I pulled up short in my demonstrations and waited for something else to quicken his curiosity.

But I never had long to wait. As I have said, he had slept and risen and we sat at breakfast. The room is one of the finest in New York. My great-great-uncle took in with attention and manifest pleasure its admirable proportions, lofty, arched ceiling and rich decorations. He noticed the table linen, the silver, the china. He complimented me on our simple breakfast. "You late-born gentlemen seem not indifferent to the creature comforts, Charles," he said, and wanted to know how common the more ordinary comforts of life had become. I told him that a mere century had by no means abolished poverty; that the poor we had always with us as in Bible times, and that there was no present sign of that provision failing. But I said that most of the necessities of life had cheapened; that the extraordinary developments in transportation which had made possible such cities as New York had made vast expanses of farming lands available to feed their populations. Where did he think the wheat was grown that made the flour that made the bread we were eating? Up the river somewhere, my uncle thought. Perhaps so, said I. But more likely two or three thousand miles away, beyond the Mississippi. He said nothing. If I had told him we did our farming now in the moon he would have simply accepted it as a detached fact from a story which he didn't know and which he could not hope to holt at one sitting. I told him there were seventy-five million persons or thereabout in the United States now, and that the country made out to nourish them all and to export enormous quantities of foodstuffs to Europe besides. We had enough to eat and a vast deal to spare, but still food had not cheapened to the same extent that clothes had; and then I told him something about the textile arts and what they had come to, and how much a yard of cotton cloth cost, and how many days it took a day laborer earning the prevailing wage to earn enough money to buy a complete suit of new clothes. But my uncle seemed not to have much appetite for statistics. He took another piece of bacon, looked from the window down toward Fifth Avenue, and said that such persons as he saw passing there seemed all to have amassed the price of complete raiment somehow.



Once the edge was off his appetite and he had got a glimpse of the street and its passing show, which by this time had begun to be rather lively, his attention was distracted from me and his own eyes kept him busy. It was time to start out, I thought, and, going downstairs, I ordered an automobile hansom.

"Shan't we wait till they fetch the horse, Charles?" said my uncle as I led him to the step.

"I think not, sir," said I; and we took our seats, and the thing started.

"What makes it go?" said he, somewhat puzzled.

"Electricity."

"Ah, the stuff our Dr. Franklin found so interesting. Well, Charles, what is it?"

"I don't know, sir; I am too old myself to know much about electricity, which has come into most of its present uses since I left school. I believe no one yet assumes to know what it is, but we are all familiar enough with its uses. It drives this cab, it hauls the cars you see passing" (we were running west on Fifty-ninth Street), "it feeds the lights you saw in the club last night and this morning, it carries the sound of voices so that folks thousands of miles apart can

hear one another speak, and it has made it possible to transmit messages in a few minutes under the ocean, and, indeed, around the world or to any civilized place on it."

"A pretty useful thing, Charles. How do you raise it?"

"Oh, out of coal again, or by the use of water power. It is pretty nearly the latest thing out, and even we who have watched every step of its progress are still a little dazed by it and wonder what it will do next. You see—"

"Wait, Charles! Bless me, what a strange-looking thing! What is it—that row of moving houses on wheels apparently, with that smoking contrivance ahead? And why is it all up there?"

"Oh, uncle—"

"How it hurries along, Charles! And no horses! Is it more what-do-you-call it that Franklin played with? There, we have passed under the trestle it runs on!"

"That's the Ninth Avenue Elevated Railroad, uncle, and the thing that passed was a steam engine hauling a train of cars. The steam engine, uncle, is by far the most important material thing that has happened to the earth since you left. You see one thing that it does. It hauls loaded cars at great speed across the country in every direction. It does all the long-distance transportation except what is done in ships or by canal. It runs on iron rails such as these you see in the street, but heavier. There are more hundreds of miles of such rails in the country than there are hairs in both our heads. That railroad which we passed was built on stilts to get it out of the way because the streets are crowded. Manhattan Island has not changed its shape since you saw it last. It is the same long, narrow ridge of rock it always was, but, being very crowded now with people, a great many of whom have to go from one end of it to the other every day, all the resources and contrivances of our day have been strained to carry its population back and forth. Do you see that long trench, uncle, that takes up half the street? That is one of the openings for the new tunnel that is to run from one end of the island to the other, with a fork half-way up and a branch running up each side. Look down the next side street. There! That is Central Park, one of the famous Parks in the world, two miles long, half a mile wide, and very beautiful. That splits New York in two heretofore, and the tunnel road will run, as the elevated road already does, on each side of it. And the cars in the tunnel, and indeed all the cars in New York, will be hauled presently by electricity, which is cleaner and handier for city uses than steam."

Meanwhile we had turned at Seventy-second Street into the Riverside Drive.

"The Hudson, uncle," said I, "very much as you left it, but with some differences on its banks. And those smoking boats you see are steamboats. We still use sails, on occasion, as you may notice, but steam is as useful and as important on the water as ashore, and is the foremost servant of commerce. You see how those tugs and ferryboats scud along. Steam drives them—with the wind or against it, it matters little; and down there on the Jersey shore—it is still the Jersey shore, uncle—you can see some of the great steam-driven ocean ships, lying at their docks with their iron smokestacks striped in various colors. How long do you suppose it takes such ships to go to Liverpool, uncle?"

"One makes no guesses, Charles, in wonderland, but in my day our packets sometimes crossed the ocean in three weeks."

"And now it is usually a matter of five or six days for the fast steamers that carry passengers. London comes nearer every year. All distances measured by time grow constantly shorter. We go from New York to Chicago, a thousand miles, in twenty-four hours, and to San Francisco—"

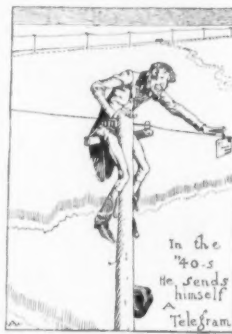
"What was that place you said, Charles?"

"Oh, Chicago?"

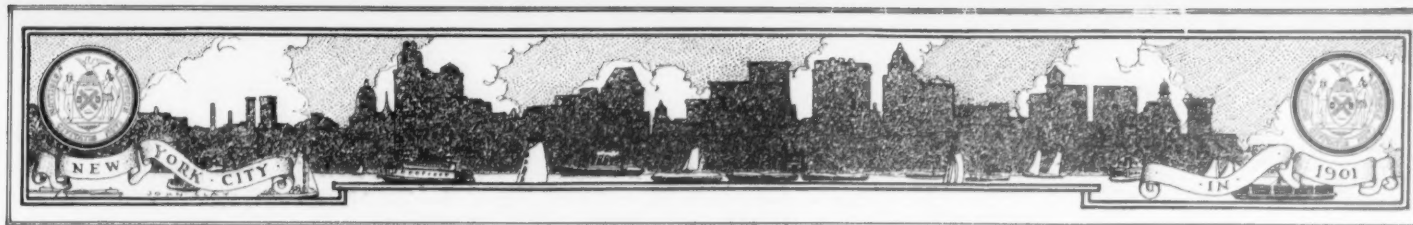
"Is that some new city?"

"Excuse me, uncle, it is new to you, to be sure. It is a big town out on the shore of Lake Michigan, sixty or seventy years old now, and with a couple of millions of people in or close about it. Did I tell you that there were seventy-five millions of us now? Well, three or four millions live here, or heretofore, and nearly two millions in Chicago, and half a million or more in St. Louis. Do you remember St. Louis, uncle?"

"It seems to me there was such a place. A French trad-







ing post, or something of that sort, far out on the Mississippi country."

"A great city now. And New Orleans at the mouth of the river—"

"In the French colony that Bonaparte got back from Spain?"

"Ours now, uncle, since 1804, and all west of it to the Pacific. San Francisco, you may remember, a Spanish settlement on the Pacific, is another big town and a great port, and three thousand miles or so from here, and we get there in five days."

"And all these big, new towns, Charles, have they crowded the old cities out? Philadelphia was a mighty respectable



place as I recall it; a far better place for a capital than the farmlands General Washington chose on the Potomac. And there was Boston. Surely Boston came to something. And what of Newport?"

"Newport, uncle, is no longer a port of consequence, but it is famous for the palaces which rich people have built there to live in in summer. Philadelphia has a million and a quarter of people, and grows and thrives, and Boston, with half a million, holds its own. It is very prosperous, and just as learned and opinionated as ever. On the Po-

tomac farmlands you speak of a beautiful capital has grown up. You should see Washington, uncle!"

"I shall see enough in this one day and one town, Charles. Ah, what rows of fine new houses look out on this fine old river! Bless the old river! I have shut my eyes, Charles, and look up-stream, and except when one of those puffing boats comes in the way, it almost seems the old North River that I knew. But this white temple just ahead, Charles, what's that?"

"Grant's tomb, uncle, General Grant's tomb."

"A general. That means a war. Of course there must have been wars. I remember we thought there was more trouble coming with the British. This General Grant, did he beat them?"

"Not the British. There was trouble with them in 1812, but that was a bagatelle. Do you remember that there were black slaves in the country?"

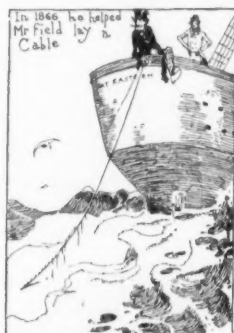
"I remember them well in my younger days."

"The North got rid of them, as you know. In the South they increased vastly in number, and the Southern planters got to rely on them altogether for their labor. With free white labor in the North and black slave labor in the South the two sections of the country developed differently. Civilization outgrew slavery altogether. The North grew to hate and fear it. The South, defending it and planning always to extend it, grew to hate and despise the North. The wrangle went on year after year in Congress, getting hotter all the time, and finally the Southern States declared they would leave the Union and set up for themselves. The Northern States declared they should not. Then came war, four years of it, dogged, bloody, enormously costly and exhausting. The North won. The old thirteen States are still in the Union along with about thirty new ones, and slavery is dead. General Grant was the leading Northern general. When he died fifteen years ago they buried him here, and since then they have built that monument—not so much to the man who whipped the South as to the man who brought the South back into the Union."

"You still care for the Union of the States which my generation accomplished, Charles?"

"Yes, uncle, we care mightily for it; and Washington, who nursed it, and Lincoln, who even more effectually than Grant defended it, are still our foremost national heroes. You should know about Lincoln, the greatest American of our century, as Washington was the greatest of yours."

"Well I remember the General's death, Charles, and reasonably enough, for it was one of the last things that made a strong impression on my mind. His house at head of Cherry Street, where he lived in New York, is that still standing? The fine mansion fronting the Bowling Green, where we thought to house the President before Philadelphia got the Federal government away from us—that surely is left?"



"We shall look for it, uncle. Meanwhile, here is the loveliest view that New York has left."

We stopped at the turn above the Claremont and looked up the river. Long my uncle studied that prospect. The freight trains on the river-side, the ferryboats and all the passing river craft, the viaduct a-building in front of us, the Palisades, the Jersey shore, the upper end of Manhattan Island to our right. All that was new and unfamiliar crowded itself upon him. What he

evidently searched for were sights that were familiar. Some he found; for, after all, a century is but a little more than a lifetime. "Over there," he would say, "was Hamilton's country house. His house may be there still, though the setting of it is so changed. And here at Claremont lived Chancellor Livingston. A very delightful life it was those houses knew, Charles. Have you bettered it in this generation, think you?"

"We are not used to think so, uncle. Our New York is a wonderful place to work in, brilliant, exhilarating, incessant, but really we have no unruly conceit in it as a place of mere residence. The nearest approach to repose one finds in it is change of occupation. And it has spread so that one has to go pretty far now to get away from it. We look back with no little envy to the little New York, seven or eight miles south of here, with its country places all within driving or sailing distance. Really, uncle, we are not so monstrously conceited over our overgrown city, and almost the best we say for it is that some of the problems that have arisen out of its vast growth have been well met and are constantly being better dealt with, and that, considering the number of persons who are now huddled together on this island, the average comfort which they enjoy and the opportunities that are open to them are remarkable."

Starting on again, we went around Columbia University, which I commended to my uncle somewhat complacently as, in its architecture at least, as good an example of a contemporary American university as could be shown him. The buildings were new, I confessed, and apologized, explaining to him how the old university, like almost everything else in New York, had been crowded uptown, a mile or two at a time, and after a series of pauses in its progress, had made at last what it confidently hoped would prove a permanent settlement. I told him about the passion for education which had become an American characteristic, and with what phenomenal liberality rich men had given or bequeathed great sums of money to promote it. I took pains to show him some of the new public schools, which, he was pleased to admit, seemed to have got due share of the general growth.

We went northward then as rapidly as we might as far as High Bridge and the Washington Bridge, and, turning there, sped back, working easterly until we struck into Fifth Avenue, which we followed down along the Park. We saw the great arch of the new Protestant Cathedral as we passed it, then the growing domicile of Mr. Andrew Carnegie—newest of the new sights of the town. Running more slowly, we saw the Park, into which we made an incursion, and, returning to the avenue, passed in attentive review the evidences that thoroughfare affords of successful industry and more or less successful taste. I pointed out the new building of the Art Museum and the Lenox Library. There, I told him, lives Mr. Whitney; there, Mr. Astor; there, Mr. Elbridge Gerry; yonder, the widow of Mr. Vanderbilt. This building and that were clubs. The excessively tall building we had passed was a hotel. This was the Plaza, with hotels all about it. That was Mr. Huntington's house. This great hole had been blasted out of rock in preparation for a new club, and the great church was the Roman Catholic Cathedral. Those little two-wheeled machines on which men or boys threaded their way up and down among the jostling procession of carriages were bicycles, a recent invention that had resulted from two things—the general advance in skill in iron manufactures, which had made possible the light metal tubes of which these machines were made, and the introduction into new uses of rubber. The tires on the bicycle wheels, I told him, were made of rubber tubing inflated with air. The tires of our hansom, I pointed out, were of like construction, of which he readily appreciated the use in reducing the jar of riding and lessening the noise.



"But the pavement is so smooth," said he, "that any wheel would run easily on it."

"That," I said, "was another innovation of rather recent date. I told him how asphalt, brought from tropical islands in the Pacific Ocean, was rapidly spreading itself over the street surfaces of all the greater modern cities."

"That fine house," I said, "built for Mr. Stewart, a dry-goods merchant whose fortune of fifteen or twenty millions was thought wonderful forty years ago, is about to be torn down to make room for something else. This great building next to it is the Astoria Hotel, and here we will get lunch."

So we got out and went in, while the cabman went back to his stable for a new supply of power. My uncle was tired. We went directly to the dining-room and sat down by a window looking out on Fifth Avenue, whither, at my suggestion, the waiter brought us two cocktails. I think they interested my uncle as much as anything he had seen since breakfast time.

"Is this what drinking has come to, Charles?" he inquired. I said that one could hardly say that, but that cocktails were one of our contemporary institutions, and that though somewhat derided by the judicious, and in their nature fit only to be abstemiously used, they were at least diverting. The whole subject of intoxicants had come, I said, to be very earnestly mooted. Wine and spirits were heavily taxed and an influential fraction of the population of the country fought day and night to have the sale of them prohibited by law. There was no end of the wrangling about it, and enemies of alcoholic beverages went to excessive lengths, maintaining that alcohol, in every form and in any quantity, was a poison, and the greatest evil and fomentor of evil that was known. They would cast it out altogether, and in some States they had passed laws prohibiting the sale of it at retail, while everywhere its sale was regulated in one way or another, usually by a license system. Nevertheless, I said, men being still sinners and fond of enjoyment, clove to alcohol, some drinking, as heretofore, to their own ruin, the distress of their friends and the damage of the general community, but by far the greater number using a better discretion and keeping their spirituous indulgences within strict bounds. Beer

had come to be a very popular American drink. Whiskey was made from corn or rye and used in immense quantities. We made wines for ourselves, and imported enormously from Europe. But though in the aggregate the consumption of alcohol was very great, the per capita consumption was not excessive and was decreasing. Of recent years, especially, teetotalism had increased, and under stress of competition in business the need of maintaining good health under strain of labor, and a lively impatience with anything approaching drunkenness in the business world, had tended to make men increasingly careful as to what they drank and, indeed, as to what they ate too. "To keep all their faculties at the highest point of their efficiency is what ambitious men aim at nowadays, uncle," said I, "and that necessitates moderation. Each generation seems to have its own notion of what moderation consists in, and ours seems to have pared down its estimates materially closer than yours did."

A good many ladies, some children and a few men were at lunch in the Astoria dining-room.

My uncle, paying due attention to what was set before him, paid attention, also, to them. They were persons of pleasing exterior, well-dressed, well-mannered, some of them handsome.

"And this is an inn, Charles," said he. "Who are these people and where do they come from? And, Charles, where under heavens does this great town get the money for its support? All the miles of streets we have seen, and the miles on miles of other streets lying near and between them mean a vast population, and the character of the dwellings you have shown me means that it is a population that includes many individuals of great wealth. What does it all mean, Charles? Where does the money come from? How many people are there here anyhow, and who supports them? The New York that I knew had the sea before it and, behind, the river, bringing down the produce and the trade of all New York State, the Champlain country, Vermont and western Massachusetts. It drew largely from New Jersey and considerably from Connecticut. It thrived. It nearly doubled its population in my last decade, and I left it already sixty thousand strong and full of wealth, energy and promise. But such a monster as it is now! How came it about?"

I told him that we had two million people on the island, another million in Brooklyn, and more in Staten Island and other contiguous New York State places, besides a big tributary population that slept and spent Sundays in New Jersey and did not count as part of the city. As for our support, we were great manufacturers for one thing, as well as prodigious traders. All the world, I told him, contributed to the support of New York, but especially our own world of the United States. I told him how the building of the Erie Canal had made New York the port of all the vast country that bordered the Great Lakes, and how later the railroads had come. As in early times development had followed the rivers and had been a consequence of water transportation, now it followed the railroads. All railroads, I said, led to New York, though not to New York alone. For though some of the greatest of them fed other ports and had built up other great cities, here their shares were sold, here their management tended more and more to centre and their destinies to be determined. New York was the fiscal centre of the country; indeed, it was on the very point of becoming, if it had not already become, what London long had been, the fiscal centre of the world. Here came the instigators of all great enterprises to get the money to carry out their plans. Here came the greatest capitalists of the country bringing the spoils of whatever great strokes of business, or colossal labors, had made them rich. The great houses he had seen—some represented prodigious energy and success in manufactures, many stood for railroads and the control of important lines of transportation, many, especially the newer ones, for successful combinations of capital and brains in acquiring control of some special industry. There was a fluid called coal oil, which spouted out of driven wells in some parts of the country and had superseded whale oil and candles for lighting purposes. The supply of that was controlled by a single company which had yielded fabulous fortunes to some of its promoters. Another combination had bought up the street railroads in this and many other cities, and by wise and economical administration had made them exceedingly profitable. Mines of all sorts—coal mines, iron, gold, silver and copper mines—had made many men excessively rich. Trade had enriched very many, though in a more moderate degree, and some remarkable inventions—like the machines for sewing, which had pretty much done away with the old methods of needlework—had yielded very great returns. "This has come to be the place, uncle," said I, "where you touch the button, and the work—"

Then I caught myself. "That is," said I, "because New York is the centre of finance it tends to be the centre of management and initiative. The commercial rulers of the country meet





## *COLUMBIA SPEAKS*

(NEW YEAR'S EVE 1900)

*BY OWEN WISTER*

DECORATION BY HOWARD PYLE

THE last sun sets, the late hours go,  
My century's leaning wick burns  
low;  
Lord, through the portals of this  
night,  
Blind though I grope 'twixt light and  
light,  
Nor doubts nor fears my heart as-  
sail:  
Great is Thy truth, and shall prevail.

FAR in the ancient years away,  
Gleam Empires that had once their  
day;  
The day they rendered unto Thee  
Is now the day Thou givest me,  
Wherewith to triumph or to fail:  
Great is Thy truth, and shall prevail.

THEIR by-gone sins how shall I  
blame,  
When I review my hours of shame?

When all the light their struggles  
gained  
Has for my benefit remained?  
My better chance I humbly hail:  
Great is Thy truth, and shall prevail.

NOT on my knees, O Lord, I dare  
Lift up my century's death-bed prayer;  
Receive no prayers my lips have  
learned,  
But only those my deeds have earned.  
I have been strong, I have been frail:  
Great is Thy truth, and shall prevail.

THE wick burns low, the dark hours  
wane,  
Thou knowest that all has not been  
vain;  
That I may greet Thy dawning Sun  
With right to say "Thy will be done."  
Nor doubts nor fears my heart assail:  
Great is Thy truth, and shall prevail.



here and consult, or contrive plans for one another's undoing; and when their interests become so vast and so diverse that they have to come here very often, the upshot is apt to be that they build themselves palaces here and make this one of their homes.

"No doubt, Charles, we have contrived to attract immigrants from England."

"Ay, uncle, from England and Scotland pretty steadily; and millions of the Irish, beginning sixty years ago, and latterly many millions of Germans, and later a great force of Scandinavians, and still more recently Italians and Russian Jews and every other sort of European, though neither Frenchmen nor Spaniards in very large numbers. We have had Chinese, too; more of them than we wanted. They are common in New York, but much more numerous in San Francisco, and of course this great and constant accession of population from Europe, which has been prodigious, especially in the last sixty years, has helped to fill up the great West."

"They have gone westward, then, these invading Europeans?"

"They have gone everywhere except to the South, where slavery made negro labor the rule and kept white labor away. New York has kept its share of those who landed here. It has had, and still has, a large foreign-born population. So has New York State and New England."

"And do the old families still hold their own here, Charles? The Clintons and the Livingstons—are they and their like still in control? Who is Governor, Charles, now, and who is Mayor?"

"A Roosevelt has just ended his term as Governor and a Van Wyck is Mayor, but the Livingstons have long been out of public life, and the Clintons as a family, too, though it was Governor Clinton's nephew, De Witt, himself Mayor of New York, Senator and Governor of the State for several terms, who carried out his uncle's plan of a canal through the State from Albany to Lake Erie, thereby doing both the State and the country an inestimable service."

"And, by the way, Charles, who is President now? It was John Adams's term the last I heard, and Jefferson as Vice-President was his natural successor."

"Jefferson was his successor; Jefferson and Aaron Burr—you remember Burr—were the next pair. Now our President is McKinley of Ohio, who has lately been re-elected for a second term."

"A man from Ohio, Charles! Truly, the sceptre has passed away from Judah."

"Judah! Why, uncle, Ohio is Judah now. Here, as I have told you, is still the great centre of finance, but the political centre of the nation is not here nor anywhere in the East. It has gone West and you must seek it now somewhere within hailing distance of the Mississippi River."

The East is still a power—a great power—in politics, and often determines the issue of elections, but the American spirit—the spirit which for better or worse seems now to determine the policies and the aspirations of the country—that seems to be incarnate in newer flesh than Eastern soil affords. Ohio is as notable a mother of Presidents as Virginia once was, though there are carpers who aver that her fecundity is more remarkable than the quality of her Presidential offspring. Lincoln, whom I told you of, was a product of Illinois, a State still further west and bordering the Mississippi; and McKinley's rival in the late election was one Bryan, from the State of Nebraska, a thousand miles, or somewhere near it, beyond the Mississippi. But, after all, uncle, these Western men are only transplanted slips of the old stock. Run down their real origin, and most of them are found to be derived from families who broke away from hard conditions or sterile soil in the East and took strong root in a new country."

"It is hard to keep up with you, Charles. My mind goes back to old times, as from dreams to realities. Now there was Burr—an exceedingly able person, though distrusted by some, and a very rising man as I recall him. Was he ever President, Charles?"

"He came near it. He was Vice-President, but his duel with Hamilton was the end of him. After he killed Hamilton—"

"Killed Hamilton! Killed him!"

"Shot him in a duel which he had forced upon him, and by the same stroke ended his own career and finished duelling as a New York institution. It was a pretty lively institution in your day, uncle."

"Aye, it made much mischief. But what became of Burr?"

"He got away from New York, where a warrant was out against him for murder, served out his term as Vice-President, tried to start an empire for himself in the Southwest and Mexico, was tried in Richmond for treason, but was not convicted. Then he went to France, where he lived some years in poverty, but finally returned to New York, practiced law, married a rich widow, lived his time well out, and died in his bed in Staten Island."

"*Sic transit!* And are there still Hamiltons here, Charles?"

"Yes, and very respectable people. But the family has not produced a second Alexander. Perhaps it doesn't need to, for General Hamilton has come to be profoundly appreciated by posterity, and, on the whole, rather overtops all the other good men of old New York as a founder of the nation. But, uncle, we have much yet to see. Shall we start on?"

"One moment, Charles. Who are these people here?"

"Sojourners in this little tavern, uncle. Ladies and children who are on their way to Europe, or who are returning from there, or who have come to town to visit or to buy, or who are spending the winter here. They may come from Boston or Philadelphia, or Baltimore or Buffalo; from New Orleans or San Francisco, or Pittsburgh or Cincinnati, or Omaha or Minneapolis, or from far away Tacoma or Seattle or Puget Sound. All you can be sure of, uncle, is that some of them live in Chicago. Their men at this time of day are downtown, or elsewhere about the city attending to their concerns of business. No single place in the country, uncle, is fitter to give a stranger a notion of the enlargement of our borders and the present status of our civilization than this

hotel, to which all manner of solvent and would-be solvent folk flock at all times from every corner of the country."

With that we took cab again, and went on down the Avenue. "If you had come a month sooner," said I, "you would have seen the remnants of the Dewey Arch," and I went on to tell him something of our war with Spain, and of the case of Cuba, and of the exploit of Cousin George in Manila Bay and its resulting embarrassments. The old gentleman knit his brows over my rattling summary of our labors and prospects in the Philippines, but I let him knit them, observing to myself that he had probably more company in that exercise than he suspected.

"Here the road forked," he said as we passed the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and I showed him how Broadway still adhered stoutly to its early purposes, making its way northward across lots according to its convenience and that of its Dutch farmers long, long gone. I told him what the Worth monument and Farragut's effigy stood for. We followed Broadway to Union Square, and I pointed out where the Bowery road came in. Then back to Fifth Avenue and down under the Washington Arch to Washington Square.

"I am getting a little nearer home," my uncle said. "Here, I remember, were buried many hundreds of the dead at the time of the yellow fever visitation in '98. Near here somewhere by the North River must have been Richmond Hill, that charming country seat, Washington's headquarters at one time. Adams was lodged there when he lived in New York as Vice-President, and when I left town it had Burr for its tenant. A good house he kept, too, and lived well. Men did live vastly well in my time, those who could. Men in New York do so still, doubtless, but grand as some of the mansions are that we saw this morning, they have not the setting—the gardens, the trees, the shrubs and the water view—that those earlier houses had. Your rich men surely don't spend all their time in a city where nature has so little chance as here."

I told him where New York's country seats were now, and how the families of the well-to-do abandoned the city in May or June and stayed away until October. Persons whose cir-

the house where President Washington had lived just after his inauguration. From Franklin Square we turned north again, and passed through Chinatown. My uncle asked for Collect Pond, where he had skated in his boyhood, and I took him to the Tombs, which stands in what was the middle of it. I showed him the Bowery, the bucksters of Hester and Ludlow Streets, the Italians of Mulberry Street. I had shown him the New York; faithfully I discovered to him the New York that was not fine. It interested him more, if possible, than the other. The crowds of people, Jews and Europeans of every stripe and tongue, the myriads of children, the tenement-houses with littered fire-escapes and clothes drying on their little balconies. Here and there he would spy some mark of the earlier day that he knew, and that wonderfully quickened his attention. Canal Street I showed him and told him the canal that drained his skating pond had passed through the middle of it, until, years ago, canal and pond had both been filled up. Zigzagging about and working north, we came into Broadway again at Astor Place, and progressed at moderate speed down that busy thoroughfare, my uncle taking it in as one long panorama. We turned and stopped a moment at the City Hall. I praised that good old building. I apologized for the Post-Office and for its being where it was. I explained the newspaper buildings, and admitted that the height of some of them and of some other buildings thereabout was indeed preposterous, but there was no present help for it. The park my uncle remembered as a park, still unkept and planned rather against the city's future needs than for immediate use.

We went on. Now my uncle knew every street by name and where it ran, and what was beyond. He seemed more and more stirred, and, while his eyes missed nothing, his thoughts seemed both present and far away. At St. Paul's Church he raised his hand, the cab stopped and we got out. Entering the gate, we went to the back of the church, which is the front, and went in. My uncle said absolutely nothing. He stood for a moment with his old hat in his old hand; he looked all about, he read the inscriptions which tell of Washington and other worthies and how they worshipped there.

He sat down in an empty seat and rested, now with bent head, now with scrutinizing looks that searched and yet seemed hardly to dare remember. When he got up and turned to go out our eyes met, and he smiled, but with such gentleness and with such—I don't know what it was. It was something in his eyes that made something go wrong in my throat so that I had to swallow. He glanced at the gravestones as we passed out of the yard and read some of the inscriptions, but sought out none.

We got in again and passed on to Trinity. I did not tell him it was a new Trinity. He could see that. It seemed more his town now than mine. I thought he looked with a special glint of approbation at God's Acre still left open there amid the obvious pressure of this world's traffic. We went slowly, were stopped a moment by a dray, and he looked from the cab through the iron railings at the graves. But he did not get out again.

We turned into Wall Street; I revived a little. "Uncle," said I, "here or hereabout is the point where men feel the pulse of the world's trade now. It still beats strong in Lombard Street, but no stronger any more than here. There, you see, the old State-house stood, and back of that statue of Washington is the Sub-Treasury."

We went down Wall Street to Hanover Square and back, and then down Broad Street and again into Broadway, and when we came to the Bowling Green, and I saw the old man look for the Governor's house that was built for a President, I explained that that was long, long gone, and that the buildings which had succeeded it had just been torn down to make way for the new Custom House.

How I hated the elevated road that mars so cruelly the approach to the Battery! I should have liked to have shown him that in its beauty. His eyebrows went up a little as that noisy unsightliness assailed him, but we got out and, passing into the Battery Park, left that distress behind us. He walked to the water-front, I following rather than conducting him, and looked out long over the bay. Then he turned and looked back at the city, with its vast buildings rearing their great bulks skyward. A tremor ran through him. The December winds grow bleak at sunset.

"Charles," he said, and turned me toward the water-side again, "I have used your eyes all this day, now for a moment do you use mine." He put his hand on my shoulder and looked in my eyes. The puffing tug that was pushing a lighter-load of freight cars around toward the East River faded out of sight. The Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island was gone. So were the forts and the ferryboats and all the steam craft and most of the houses on Governor's Island and most of the people. Over toward the Staten Island shore was a ship at anchor, which I knew from its ports was a frigate. As I looked—puff! went a cloud of smoke from her sunset gun. There were ships with tall spars anchored in the bay. Boats from some of them were coming ashore. More tall spars rose up from wharves near by, from which came voices of men. Then I turned and looked at the city. The great buildings had vanished. The park was almost deserted. Back of it rose more houses than my eyes could reckon, and with bare treetops to be seen among them waving in the wintry wind. Beyond all, to the left, were the hills of the Jersey shore. Back of the town the snow-clad land rose up. To the right, as my eyes turned thither, it was much the same. Houses, and beyond them, housetops and spires and trees, and, beyond all, higher land, and further still, beyond the East River, the snow-covered heights, bare of all but snow, beginning now to fade with the lessening light.

"Uncle," said I, and turned to him. But the old gentleman was gone, and with him went his picture; for, as I turned back, a train was starting out on the elevated and another coming in, and in the street underneath both of them stood my cab, the driver looking out of its window at me, and wondering, apparently, if I had no feelings about my dinner.



PAINTED BY E. L. HENRY, N.Y.

TRAVELLING SOUTH BY STAGE COACH IN THE '30'S

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cumstances enabled them to live where they would and do what they liked spent only a few months in town, leaving it in the early spring for a softer climate in Florida, California, the Riviera or Egypt; going to one country place in the spring, to another in midsummer—unless they went to Europe—and passed the intervals between these various flittings on yachts or in journeys on private cars. "The great privilege of wealth nowadays," said I, "seems to be to do everything by turns and nothing long. To straggle, to gad about, to develop enormous activity without harnessing it to the accomplishment of any very definite purpose. It makes a crowded and active life, but life may be crowded with emptiness, and there is a repose, as you know, uncle, which has far greater promise of fruitfulness than some sorts of activity."

"Philosophy seems not quite dead in the world yet, nephew," said my uncle, somewhat dryly.

Bearing off now to the eastward, I carried my venerable uncle over to Tompkins Square and past it, explaining as we went along that the East Side of New York housed in one way or another an enormous working population, which had gradually filled it as the well-to-do in successive decades had led or followed their neighbors further and further uptown. We went rapidly over to the Corlear's Hook Park, and there got out, and standing by the river-side, looked at the Navy Yard opposite, with its usual collection of warships, the nature and abilities of which I described as best I could. We viewed Brooklyn—its wharves, factories, houses, hills and churches, and, best of all, the great East River Bridge stretching grandly across tide-water, with ships and all manner of river craft passing under.

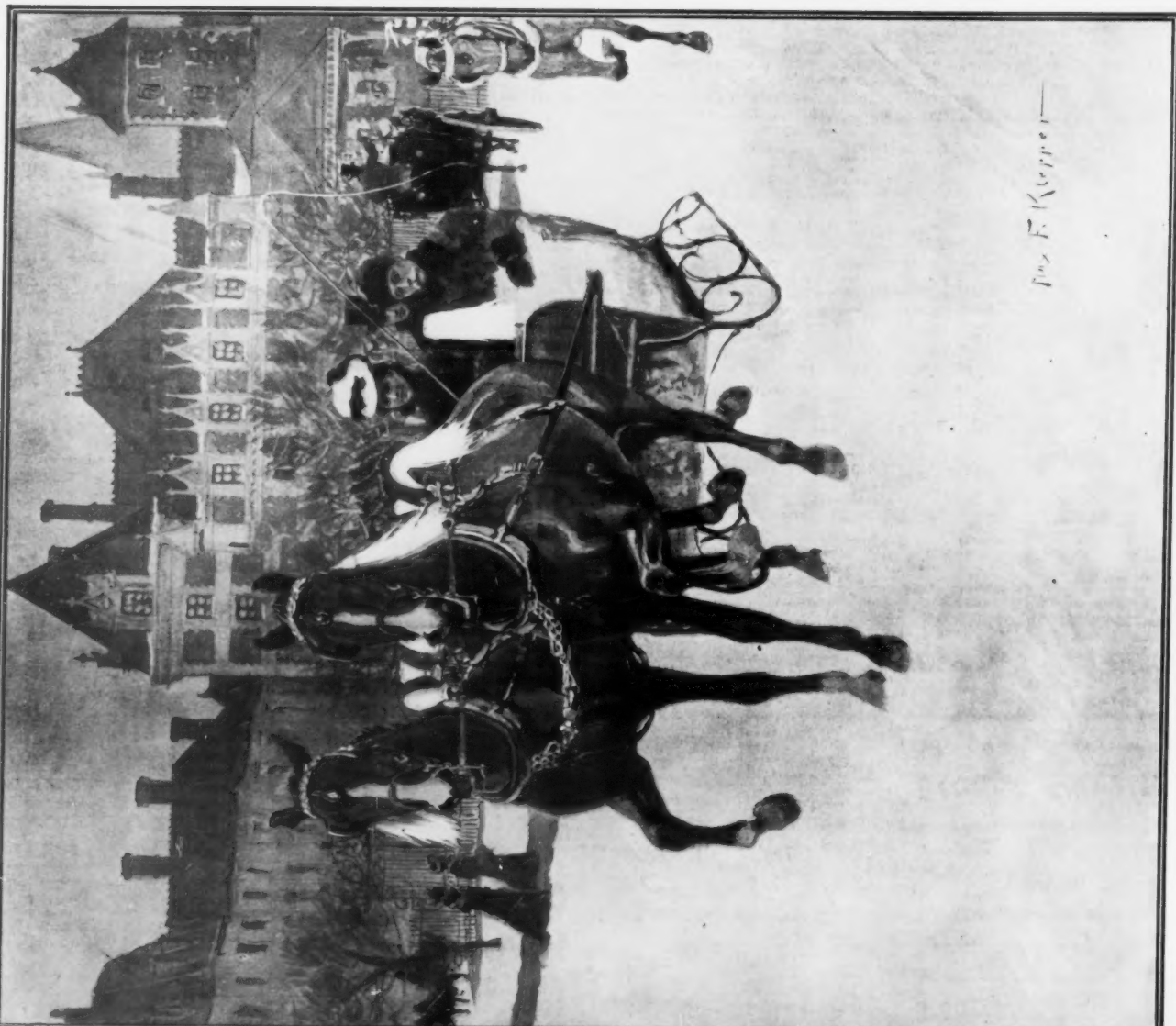
"Ah, that is wonderful!" my uncle said. "Men must be stouter and more skilful than they were."

"They know more about some things," I said, "and do some things better. A suspension bridge something like that, though smaller, was stretched, forty or fifty years ago, across Niagara Falls, and still hangs there. A German planned this one. Another East River bridge just as big is building now. I think we see the beginnings of it yonder."

On we went devotedly through the East Side, and in due time up Cherry Street, where I showed my uncle how a great stone pier of the great bridge had obliterated the very site of



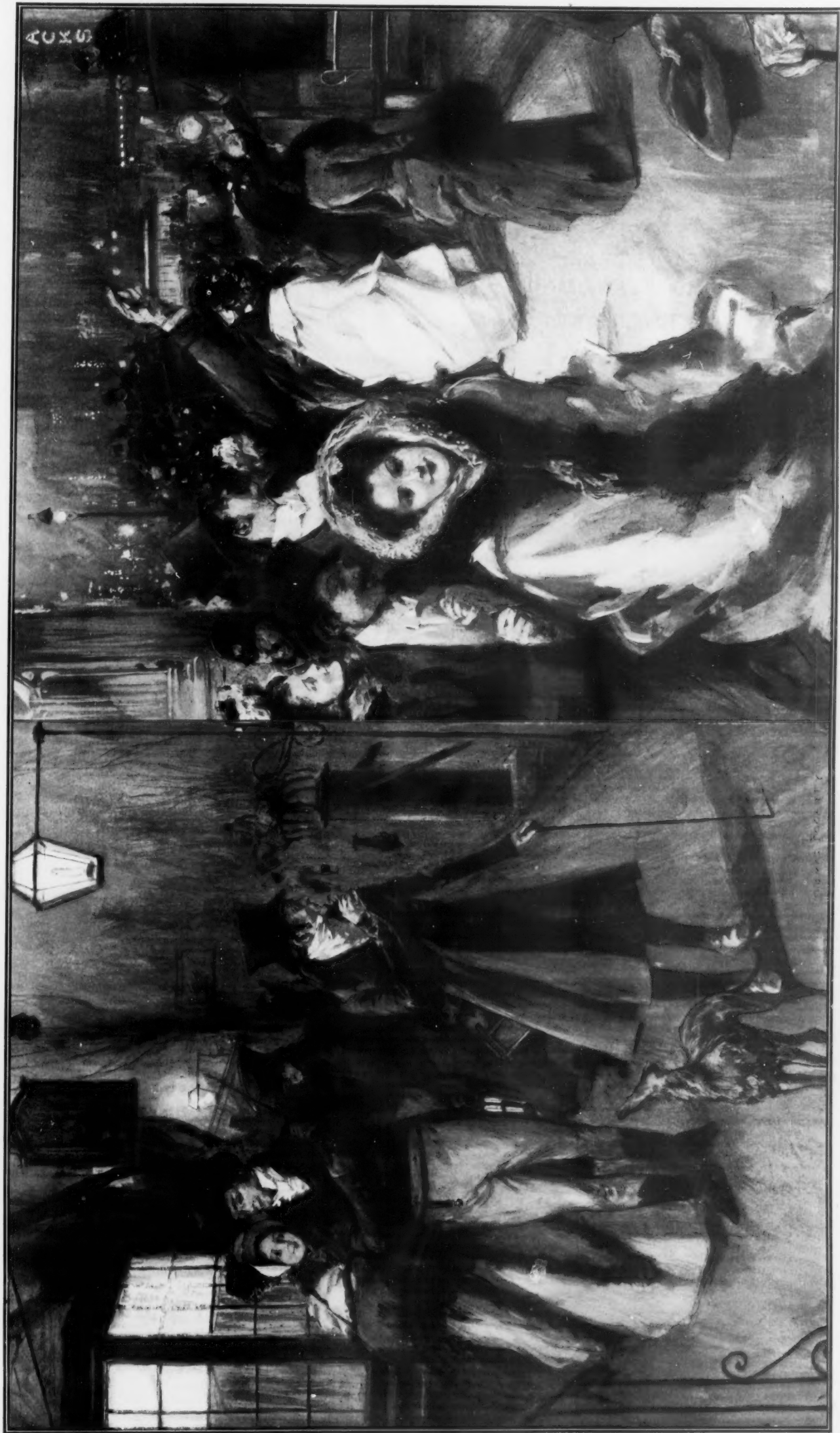
ON THE "BOUWERIE" SPEEDWAY, 1801



SLEIGHING ON FIFTH AVENUE, 1901

DESIGN BY MAX F. KIEFFER

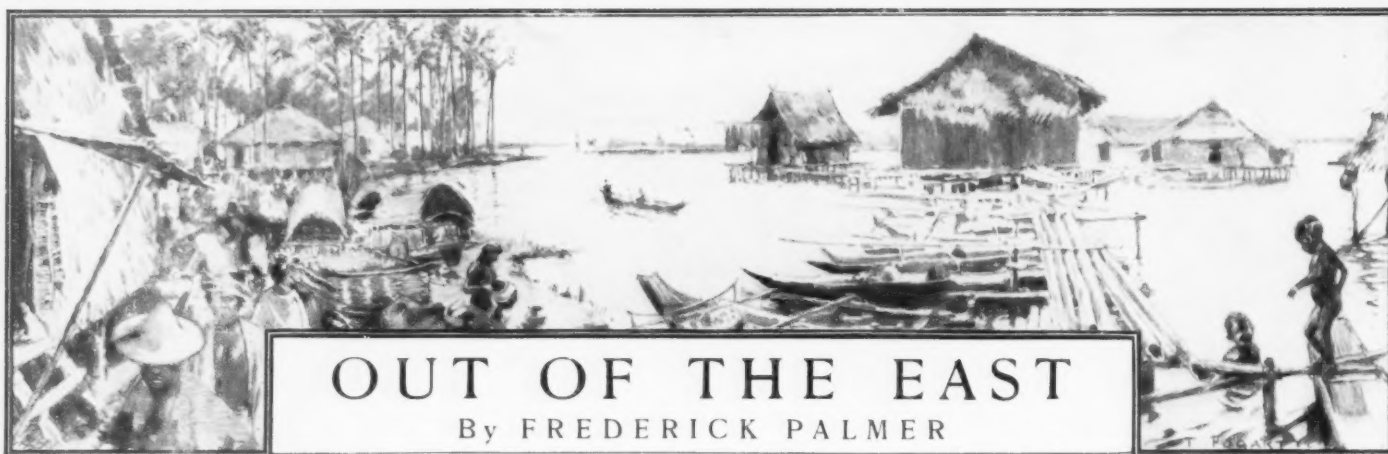




FASHIONABLE BROADWAY AT NIGHT, 1901

DRAWN BY THOMAS FOGARTY

BROADWAY, AFTER THE PLAY, 1901



# OUT OF THE EAST

By FREDERICK PALMER

THE FOURTH IN A SERIES OF SHORT STORIES, BASED ON OBSERVATION AND EXPERIENCE IN THE ORIENT, BY THE WELL-KNOWN TRAVELLER, FREDERICK PALMER, FOR TWO YEARS SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY IN CHINA AND THE PHILIPPINES. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

## IV—THE ROMANCE OF PRIVATE SAUNDERS



RS. WAINDERING knew little of any Service except the diplomatic, and not much of that as yet. Even if she had been familiar with the ways of the army, this spoiled young woman, who had brought wealth along with her beauty to a First Secretary, would not have felt herself bound by them when she was away from the Legation on a holiday. Therefore, her conduct concerning Private Saunders was quite in keeping with her reputation.

Upon her arrival at Nagasaki (en route from Yokohama to Shanghai, where she was to be the guest of the Barkers, of the Chinese Customs, for the races) she found that a school friend, Miss Berkeley, with her parents, General and Mrs. Berkeley, were on board the transport *Hancock*, which was coaling for Manila. She called at once to the Barkers that she would arrive by the *Coptic*, sailing three days later than the *Empress of Japan*, and made her husband bundle all their baggage off the *Empress* to the hotel, while he deprecated the proceeding in the manner of a diplomat who knows that his protest is purely formal.

"You're invited to waltz with me, hubby," she said, "and there's an end of it."

To white womanhood in Nagasaki the point of interest about any arriving transport was whether it had a band or not. If it had, then the dining-room of the hotel was cleared with a promptness which robbed late diners of their desserts; and the Consular Body, American wives waiting for news of husbands serving by land and sea, and whatever navy and army officers happened to be in port, danced until after midnight.

The ball for which the band of the *Hancock* furnished music would have passed off without any striking incident provided that Mrs. Waindering had not recognized a familiar face in that of a tall, fine-looking private on shore leave from the transport as she was passing along the Bund. It is known that after he had responded to her greeting, which seemed to embarrass him a good deal, she exclaimed:

"You poor boy!"

Beyond this it is only necessary to state that no sooner were the words spoken than a little laugh rippled from her lips in token of what her husband playfully called one of her "eccentric impulses to combat the monotony of existence." Considering her way of carrying men and events with her, it was hopeless for the private to call up the unwritten rule against the file dancing on the same floor with the rank. The freedom of her plan from anything scandalous in a bad sense to the civilian mind was fully guaranteed by the fact that Mr. Waindering himself was so far—and no further—made a party to it as to furnish Saunders with a dinner-jacket for the occasion.

Miss Berkeley dined at the hotel, the *vis-a-vis* of Saunders at the Wainderings' table, while General and Mrs. Berkeley dined at the consul's—an arrangement of Mrs. Waindering's with method in it. During dinner Miss Berkeley frequently asked herself where she had met this Mr. Saunders before. If she did not recognize him as one of the thousand men in khaki who had come on the transport from San Francisco, it is not surprising that none of the officers in the dining-room did. They, no more than she, were looking for privates in evening dress at the hotel table. As Private Saunders and Miss Berkeley, rapidly chatting, passed out on to the broad veranda for coffee, Mrs. Waindering pinched her husband's arm and nodded toward them triumphantly.

"Won't it be lovely if we can keep it secret all through the evening?" she said. "If we do, I shall never be able to resist telling Mrs. Berkeley about it in the morning just to hear her talk."

"I don't mind saying that I think you are going a little too far," said Waindering.

"Edward, your sense of romance is being slowly but surely swallowed up in a terrible sense of responsibility."

If Miss Berkeley had not danced two waltzes running with Mr. Saunders perhaps Mrs. Waindering's highest hopes for her plan might have been fulfilled. Simply one waltz would not have so intensified the regimental adjutant's interest in the civilian as to associate his name and face with a name and face on the transport. When he had satisfied himself after a moment's close scrutiny, he went to the general and his wife with the great news.

"Of course, Charles, you will send him out of the room at once," said Mrs. Berkeley.

"Yes, I think I had better. It's a bad precedent. But do it quietly, so as to avoid a scene."

The adjutant, who was seated up in his shop for life the day that he was admitted to West Point, reported the orders to Saunders, who said, "Yes, sir," and saluted smilingly.

Mrs. Waindering, her cheeks flushed with anger, threw

back her head, bringing into prominence a small square chin which was the outpost of a will quite the equal of any adjutant's.

"Is there any regulation of the army against a private on leave attending an informal dance at the Nagasaki Hotel?" she asked.

"It is not customary! It is impossible!" replied the adjutant, who actually had his heels together.

"Then there is no regulation! Private Saunders is my guest and is going to remain."

Before the adjutant could express his astonishment at such insubordination, Saunders himself interposed.

"No, no. Please, no, Mrs. Waindering," he said. "It would be worse taste for me to remain than it was to come."

Mrs. Waindering's perception was as quick as it was sympathetic.

"Yes, yes," she said, "you are right. I brought you here under protest and I appreciate how you feel."

The adjutant bowed and returned to the general with the strides of the parade ground.

There remained for Saunders to say good-night to Miss Berkeley and leave the room. If he had known that the girl was so charming, he said to himself, he would not have consented to Mrs. Waindering's ruse. He concluded to tell her about the trick he had played before she heard it from others. And he held to his determination while he was crossing the room; held to it until he looked into her eyes, when the improvisation of being called away suddenly by a cablegram quite inexplicably and unexpectedly took its place as an excuse for going.

Mr. Waindering sat on his bed while Saunders returned to the garb of the ranks and tried in vain to draw Saunders' story, which Mrs. Waindering had refused to tell her husband except in the vaguest generalities. When they came downstairs Saunders stopped at the desk to write what he had been unable to say.

"Mrs. Waindering will explain the deceit I practiced," he told Miss Berkeley. "The least I can do is to offer apologies for conduct of which I am heartily ashamed. The blame lies entirely with me—and with Mr. Waindering's dinner-jacket."

This, he thought, would relieve both women of any embarrassment.

As he left the hotel with the strains of a waltz following him and before him the twinkling lights of the scores of small boats and the steady gleam of the lights of the ships at anchor, there came back to him with keen bitterness the recollection of other days, when finely gowned women, dinners and dances were as much of a conventionality as was now the daily routine aboard the ship where he lined up with the other men for his daily rations.

"Two years and ten months more of it!" he remarked, as he stepped into a sampan. "I made the bargain and I'll see it out. But I don't want any more experiences like to-night's. They make it too hard."

The next morning, shortly before the *Hancock* sailed, he received a note from Mrs. Waindering. It was such a note as woman can write when she is thoroughly in earnest in taking any one's part—particularly a man's. Incidentally, she asked him to write to her, and inclosed a letter to her friend, Mrs. Gerlison, in Manila. He was at first a little disappointed at getting no answer from Miss Berkeley, and then promptly told himself that, considering the circumstances, he should not be.

As for Miss Berkeley, as soon as she had received his note she had shown it to Mrs. Waindering, who promptly said:

"Nancy, he's fibbing for our sakes. I'm the author of the whole plot. When I met the poor boy in the street and recognized him, I thought I would give him one happy evening. He protested. I insisted, and so—"

"Then he has a story! Tell me all about it, do! Let us go and sit down. I'm too tired to dance any more."

"I promised him upon my word of honor that I would not tell."

"Please, just to me. I'll never repeat it. It must be very interesting. Is—is it very terrible—or—very wicked? Anyway, you'll say that much."

"No, it's not very terrible or very wicked."

So Miss Berkeley, finding that she had learned all she could, closed the conversation by remarking that it was certainly extremely interesting to have such a man as a private in the regiment.

As you will readily understand, it was not at all because she wanted to talk with Private Saunders again, not at all because she was tantalized with curiosity to get his story herself, but entirely because it is not within the ways of the Service for a general's daughter to write to privates that she determined to answer his note orally on board the transport. This seemed easy enough in theory, but in practice was difficult, as a girl reared in the army ought to have known. Compared to the Chinese wall between rank and file on board a transport, the

barrier between first and second class on an Atlantic liner is merely an imaginary parallel separating zones.

Saunders was one of a thousand privates on the main deck. To see him Miss Berkeley must either go down the ladder and single out one of the thousand for conversation, or else he must ascend the ladder while she met him at its head in the presence of both rank and file. In the afternoon, when the men were brought on the upper deck, which afforded more room for their exercises, there was no exchange of recognition, though he looked fairly into her face as he went through the setting-up drill. And he hated the experience when a second lieutenant told him to do the most undignified and difficult of all the movements alone so that the others of his company could see it done properly.

Therefore it passed that the Sixteenth went into camp on the plaza of the Luneta in Manila to recuperate from the voyage preparatory to going into the field and the Berkeleys went to the hotel without Miss Berkeley having acknowledged the private's apology. Mrs. Gerlison and the Berkeleys were old and firm friends; and Miss Berkeley, after telling of all that had happened since they last met, found it convenient to relate her experience with Private Saunders to the great keeper of army confidences.

"Mrs. Waindering wrote that she had sent him a letter of introduction to me and told him to call," said Mrs. Gerlison. "Now that you have surrounded the young man with mystery I am very much interested. I shouldn't mind quizzing him, myself."

Miss Berkeley saw Mrs. Gerlison every evening on the Luneta if not during the day at her house. When a week had passed without Private Saunders having called on Mrs. Gerlison, both conspirators were beginning to lose hope.

"I think he's embarrassed and afraid he might meet some officer if he came," was Miss Berkeley's explanation. "I shall have to write to him after all, though it isn't exactly the thing. But I must not let him think that I didn't appreciate his apology."

"Of course," Mrs. Gerlison replied. "I'll just drop him a note saying that I can introduce him as a newspaper correspondent or a clerk. That will explain the absence of shoulder straps. And I'll apologize for you, my dear, when he comes."

"Thank you, thank you very much, Mrs. Gerlison," a little dubiously.

It happened, however, that Miss Berkeley was at Mrs. Gerlison's house the next afternoon when a reply to the note came. It read:

"MY DEAR MRS. GERLISON:  
"Thank you. But I think I'd better not.  
"With all politeness and all respect.  
"JOHN SAUNDERS,  
"Private Sixteenth Infantry."

"Isn't he delightful! But it's awfully disappointing," said Miss Berkeley, passing from an exclamation of joy to a pout in a twinkling.

"Very, Nancy dear," said Mrs. Gerlison. "And also very independent to receive my kindly suggestion in that way."

"I don't think so at all."

"You don't?" asked Mrs. Gerlison in surprise.

"No, not a bit. I'm astonished that you of all women can't see through it. It's so beautifully put. In just those few words he says how tired he is of associating with those horrid men, how he longs to come, but how he realizes that he might embarrass you and others."

"You seem to read his innermost thoughts, my dear."

Miss Berkeley's face became crimson.

"That remark is quite uncalled for, Mrs. Gerlison," she said. "I pity a man of his character in his position. I wonder that you don't. You're so cantankerous this afternoon that I'll not stay another minute."

"Well, any way it doesn't matter much," Mrs. Gerlison added at the door. "I suppose you've heard that the Sixteenth is going out on the line to-morrow."

"No! Are they?" (In great surprise.) "Where?" (Attempted nonchalance.)

"To Bulacan."

"That isn't as far as Mindanao or Jolo!" in unconcealed delight.

"No," Mrs. Gerlison called after her, as she hurried down the drive in confusion; "no, it isn't as far as Mindanao or Jolo."

"I drew her wickedly," Mrs. Gerlison said to herself as she sought the ease of her long cane chair, "and if I don't praise him as a Roland who has won her heart she may be falling in love with him by the proxy of contrariness without knowing him at all. But that was a clever letter. I'm immensely interested in Private Saunders myself."

However, Nancy concluded, upon thinking it over, that for the purpose of satisfying her curiosity by getting Private



Saunders's story, Bulacan was not only as far away as Mindanao or Jolo but as far as Bermuda or Martinique. Privates, wherever they are in the field, do not get leave to come into Manila.

But events moved rapidly and surprises were as numerous as casualties in those days. The Sixteenth went into action almost at once, and Private Saunders, with a bad wound in the shoulder from a poisonous Remington bullet, was sent into town on a stretcher and thence to Hospital Number 1. His captain mentioned him as having shown great coolness under trying circumstances, which was a great honor, considering that in our regular service courage is a matter of course rather than of comment. As the story was told, Saunders's squad was fired on from ambush. Four of them were hit, including Saunders. He kept his head while the others lost theirs, and, under his direction, they held off the enemy until help came.

Miss Berkeley waited one whole day after she heard the news before she went to Mrs. Gerlison brimming over with solicitude about the hard lot of enlisted men in hospitals. Mrs. Gerlison was in the same state of mind.

Private Saunders's expressions of gratitude for their call were purely within the limitations of the file and forbade approaches to the vital subject of his story. After they had sent him jellies and custards and magazines, they tried collectively and individually to bring him to the point, only to be led away from it with more adroitness than they had led up to it, which fully accounted for the remark of so clever a woman as Mrs. Gerlison, that Saunders was a remarkable private, indeed. It may be added, for reasons of state, that he was more generous with Miss Berkeley than with Mrs. Gerlison. Once she got this far, only to wonder afterward how she had dared to:

"Your story—of course I don't ask you to tell it—but it is—it is—we're all so interested, you see—I mean, is it terrible?"

"Not so very, Miss Berkeley," he replied soberly, with the deferential respect of the file for the rank.

"That's precisely what Mrs. Waindering said."

"Which is evidence of consistency."

The story of the ball at Nagasaki had travelled to Manila. Joining it to Nancy's frequent calls at Hospital Number 1 (to the exclusion, it was observed, of Hospitals Numbers 2 and 3), with the warp of exaggeration, the gossips made a robe of romance which wrapped the pair in an *entente* highly amusing to the Service, which had a saying that Mrs. General Berkeley would never allow her daughter to marry until the rank of Field Marshal was created in the United States army.

Miss Berkeley remained in the bliss of ignorance. Nancy, though abstractly a truthful girl, had saved herself trouble by not telling her mother of her visits to the hospital. The adjutant, who was now on the general's staff, pondered much over the matter. He had a weighty rather than a lucid mind, which was always absorbed with the necessity of doing his duty, without any proper conception of what duty was except when he read it in the Orders of the Day. In the language of

the Service, he was irredeemably a "duffer." And being a "duffer," he was bound to decide after painful debates with himself that he owed it to the general to give Mrs. Berkeley a hint—a very little hint—of what was going on. He did not foresee that a very little hint would mean a stern matronly demand for the fullest information.

Mrs. Berkeley thanked the adjutant. She called him a high-minded young man, when he left her in a state of humiliation and torment, which she had to endure for an hour before her daughter returned (as it happened from a visit to the hospital) to be met at the door by an outburst of pent-up indignation. Nancy promptly admitted all the charges with a toss of the head altogether too merry for the composure of the complainant.

"My daughter," said Mrs. Berkeley finally, "we shall see when your father comes. Yes, we shall see. You may go to your room."

"Certainly I shall, mamma dear," was the happy reply, "as I want to wash a little dust off before tiffin."

It was of good omen for Nancy that her father had come straight from a few minutes at the club, where he had had something with ice in it which tasted very much to his Georgia-trained palate like those of fragrant memory at home. And then Nancy, blooming and fresh, met him at the door with a kiss which she followed with the exclamation: "Real nint, too, wasn't it, daddy?"

As her mother proceeded at length with the scandal which had befallen the house of Berkeley, Nancy mixed her father's white wine and Tansan in just the right proportion and smiled at him in trusting confidence. Considering that the general was in a hurry to return to his preparations for the expedition to the island of Marinduque, it is not surprising that he failed to be properly indignant.

"Why not?" he asked. "I think it very proper for Nancy to do anything she can to help the poor fellows in the hospitals. In fact, it's her duty as a daughter of the Service."

"But can't you see," demanded the exasperated wife, "that it's one private, this man Saunders? Maybe he's a bank robber, or a forger, or what not?"

"Nancy," the general asked, "do you go to see only one private?"

"No. I've given jellies to twenty if to one."

"Circumstantial, always. That's right. You inherit it from me. Are you falling in love with this one?" The general chuckled over his question.

"Preposterous! Of course I'm not!"

And Nancy meant what she said, at the time.

"*Reductio ad absurdum*," said the general, laughing at his wife. "You see how groundless are your fears. I think it is ridiculous not to trust our daughter to keep from getting moony over privates with strange histories. But who told you all this, mother?"

"The ever-useful adjutant," interposed Nancy.

"He did, eh! What business was it of his?"

"Official, sir-r," said Nancy, making a mock salute.

"That goes to support my later observations that that

young man is a duffer. I don't want him on my staff any longer. I'll send him back to his regiment."

Mrs. Berkeley had learned from experience that when her husband was in a certain mood her point could only be gained in the end by saying nothing at the time. She determined that she would wait and watch in martyrlike humility.

As Nancy found that she could not leave the house unaccompanied, she concluded to forego her visits to the hospital until her mother should forget her vigil and relapse again into the afternoon naps which she was now demonstratively denying herself. Of a truth, Nancy's intention to get Private Saunders's story from his own lips was stronger than ever, and she was as yet conscious of no other interest in him.

Saunders missed her calls more than he cared to say to Mrs. Gerlison, but not more than Mrs. Gerlison implied from the manner in which he took in any remarks she made about Nancy. Indeed, Mrs. Gerlison was becoming worried lest Nancy's and her own foolishness had prepared fresh miseries for one who must have, on his part, quite all he ought to bear. She was even pondering on a plan of campaign for getting Nancy out of his mind.

The evening came when he was well enough to join the pale company of convalescents from fever and wounds who go out on the Luneta at seven in the evening, when the sun partly atones for its tyranny of the long, galling day by sinking into the bay with a glory of coloring that surpasses any conception of dwellers in temperate zones. To Saunders the gay parade of carriages with officers and their wives up and down the Malecon brought home to him even more bitterly than before how completely he was separated from the world to which he was accustomed. He did not join the other sick men of the file who sit in chairs or walk up and down by the band-stand, but, regardless of his weakness, crossed the driveway to the long stretch of hard, sandy beach. Here he recognized a familiar figure bending over the antics of a fox terrier. When the terrier started to investigate the passerby, Miss Berkeley looked up into Saunders's eyes.

"I left the carriage to give Biff and, incidentally, myself, a little exercise," she said. "Oh, I am so glad to see that you are well enough to be out!"

"Thank you," he replied. "Were you going this way?" forgetting completely his position and the resolution he had made after his experience at the ball.

As to what passed between them as they walked up and down the beach, oblivious of the stares of passing officers, while the growing darkness made them unrecognizable from the drive, our only information comes from Nancy's own report to her father and mother, who had waited for her long after the band ceased playing and until theirs was the only carriage on the Luneta. She came to them with the light step and the cheery confidence of youth in the full measure of a new-born happiness.

"It took some time for us to understand each other," she said simply.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)



"IS THERE ANY REGULATION OF THE ARMY AGAINST A PRIVATE ON LEAVE ATTENDING AN INFORMAL DANCE . . . ?" SHE ASKED



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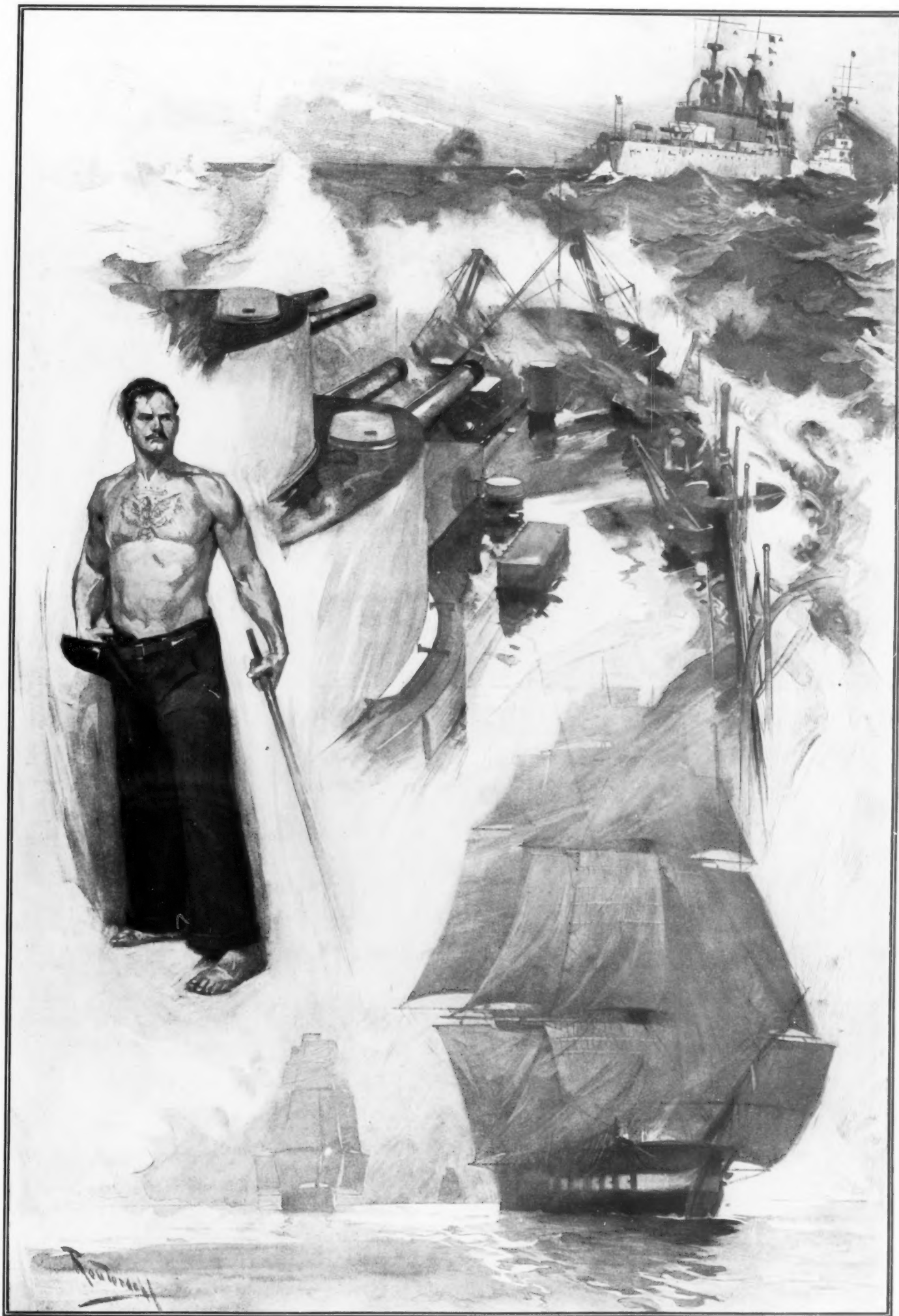


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## A Relic of the Pliocene, by Jack London

DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING



WASH MY HANDS of him at the start. I cannot father his tales, nor will I be responsible for them. I make these preliminary reservations, observe, as a guard upon my own integrity. I possess a certain definite position in a small way, also a wife; and for the good name of the community which honors my existence with its approval, and for the sake of her posterity and mine, I cannot take the chances I once did, nor foster probabilities with the careless improvidence of youth. So, I repeat, I wash my hands of him, this Nimrod, this mighty hunter, this homely, blue-eyed, freckle-faced Thomas Stevens.

Having been honest to myself, and to whatever prospective olive branches my wife may be pleased to tender me, I can now afford to be generous. I shall not criticize the tales told me by Thomas Stevens, and, further, I shall withhold my judgment. If it be asked why, I can only add that judgment I have none. Long have I pondered, weighed and balanced, but never have my conclusions been twice the same—forsooth! because Thomas Stevens is a greater man than I. If he have told truths, well and good; if untruths, still well and good. For who can prove? or who disprove? I eliminate myself from the proposition, while those of little faith may do as I have done—go find the said Thomas Stevens and discuss to his face the various matters, which, if fortune serve, I shall relate. As to where he may be found? The directions are simple: anywhere between 53 north latitude and the Pole, on the one hand; and, on the other, the likeliest hunting grounds which lie between the east coast of Siberia and furthestmost Labrador. That he is there, somewhere, within that clearly defined territory, I pledge the word of an honorable man whose expectations entail straight speaking and right living.

Thomas Stevens may have toyed prodigiously with truth, but when we first met (it were well to mark this point), he wandered into my camp when I thought myself a thousand miles beyond the outermost post of civilization. At the sight of his human face, the first in weary months, I could have sprung forward and folded him in my arms (and I am not by any means a demonstrative man); but to him his visit seemed the most casual thing under the sun. He just strolled into the light of my camp, passed the time of day after the custom of men on beaten trails, threw my snowshoes the one way and a couple of dogs the other, and so made room for himself by the fire. Said he'd just dropped in to borrow a pinch of soda and to see if I had any decent tobacco. He plucked forth an ancient pipe, loaded it with painstaking care, and, without as much as by your leave, whacked half the tobacco of my pouch into his. Yes, the stuff was fairly good. He sighed with the contentment of the just, and literally absorbed the smoke from the crisping yellow flakes, and it did my smoker's heart good to behold him.

Hunter? Trapper? Prospector? He shrugged his shoulders No; just sort of knocking round a bit. Had come up

from the Great Slave some time since, and was thinking of trapping over into the Yukon country. The Factor of Koshim had spoken about the discoveries on the Klondike, and he was of a mind to run over for a peep. I noticed that he spoke of the Klondike in the archaic vernacular, calling it the Reindeer River—a conceited custom which the Old Timers employ against the *che-cha-quas* and all tenderfeet in general. But he did it so naively and as such a matter of course, that there was no sting, and I forgave him. He also had it in view, he said, before he crossed the divide into the Yukon, to make a little run up Fort o' Good Hope way.

Now Fort o' Good Hope is a far journey to the north, over and beyond the Circle, in a place where the feet of few men have trod; and when a nondescript ragamuffin comes in out of the night, from nowhere in particular, to sit by one's fire and discourse on such in terms of "trapping" and "a little run," it is fair time to rouse up and shake off the dream. Wherefore I looked about me; saw the fly, and, underneath, the pine boughs spread for the sleeping furs; saw the grub sacks, the camera, the frosty breaths of the dogs circling on the edge of the light; and, above, a great streamer of the aurora bridging the zenith from southeast to northwest. I shivered. There is a magic in the Northland night which steals in on one like fevers from malarial marshes. You are clutched and downed before you are aware. Then I looked to the snowshoes, lying prone and crossed where he had flung them. Also I had an eye to my tobacco pouch. Half, at least, of its goodly store had vanished. That settled it. Fancy had not tricked me after all.

Crazed with suffering, I thought, looking steadfastly at the man. One of those wild stampedeers, strayed far from his bearings and wandering like a lost soul through great vastnesses and unknown deeps. Oh, well, let his moods slip on, until, mayhap, he gathers his tangled wits together. Who knows?—the mere sound of a fellow creature's voice may bring all straight again.

So I led him on in talk, and soon I marvelled, for he talked of game and the ways thereof. He had killed the Siberian wolf of westernmost Alaska, and the chamois in the secret Rockies. He averred he knew the haunts where the last buffalo still roamed; that he had hung on the flanks of the caribou when they ran by the hundred thousand, and slept in the Great Barrens on the musk-ox's winter trail.

And I shifted my judgment accordingly (the first revision, but by no account the last), and deemed him a monumental effigy of truth. Why it was I know not, but the spirit moved me to repeat a tale told to me by a man who had dwelt in the land too long to know better. It was of the great bear which hugs the steep slopes of St. Elias, never descending to the levels of the gentler inclines. Now God so constituted this creature for its hillside habitat that the legs of one side are all of a foot longer than those of the other. This is mighty convenient, as will be readily admitted. So I hunted this rare beast in my own name, told it in the first person, present tense, painted the requisite locale, gave it the necessary garnishings and touches of verisimilitude, and looked to see the man stunned by the recital.

Not he. Had he doubted, I could have forgiven him. Had

he objected, denying the dangers of such a hunt by virtue of the animal's inability to turn about and go the other way—had he done this, I say, I could have taken him by the hand for the true sportsman that he was. Not he. He sniffed, looked on me, and sniffed again; then gave my tobacco due praise, thrust one foot into my lap, and bade me examine the gear. It was a *musque* of the Innuit pattern, sewed together with sinew threads, and devoid of beads or furbelows. But it was the skin itself that was remarkable. In that it was all of half an inch thick it reminded me of walrus-hide; but there the resemblance ceased, for no walrus ever bore so marvellous a growth of hair. On the side and ankles this hair was well-nigh worn away, what of friction with underbrush and snow, but around the top and down the more sheltered back it was coarse, dirty-black, and very thick. I parted it with difficulty and looked beneath for the fine fur which is common with northern animals, but found it in this case to be absent. This, however, was compensated for by the length. Indeed, the tufts which had survived wear and tear measured all of seven or eight inches.

I looked up into the man's face, and he pulled his foot down and asked, "Find hide like that on your St. Elias bear?"

I shook my head. "Nor on any other creature of land or sea," I answered candidly. The thickness of it, and the length of the hair, puzzled me.

"That," he said, and said without the slightest hint of impressiveness, "that came from a mammoth."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, for I could not forbear the protest of my unbelief. "The mammoth, my dear sir, long ago vanished from the earth. We know it once existed by the fossil remains which we have unearthed, and by a frozen carcass which the Siberian sun saw fit to melt from out the bosom of a glacier; but we also know that no living specimen exists. Our explorers—"

At this word he broke in impatiently. "Your explorers? Pish! A weakly breed. Let us hear no more of them. But tell me, O man, what you may know of the mammoth and his ways."

Beyond contradiction, this was leading to a yarn; so I baited my hook by ransacking my memory for whatever data I possessed on the subject in hand. To begin with, I emphasized that the animal was prehistoric, and marshalled all my facts in support of this. I mentioned the Siberian sand bars which abounded with ancient mammoth bones; spoke of the large quantities of fossil ivory purchased from the Innuits by the Alaska Commercial Company; and acknowledged having myself mined six and eight-foot tusks from the pay gravel of the Klondike creeks. "All fossils," I concluded, "found in the midst of debris deposited through countless ages."

"I remember when I was a kid," Thomas Stevens sniffed (he had a most confounded way of sniffing), "that I saw a petrified watermelon. Hence, though mistaken people sometimes delude themselves into thinking that they are really raising or eating them, there is no such thing as extant watermelons?"

"But the question of food," I objected, ignoring his point, which was puerile and without bearing. "The soil must bring forth vegetable life in lavish abundance to support such







monstrous creations. Nowhere in the North is the soil so prolific. Ergo, the mammoth cannot exist."

"I pardon your ignorance concerning many matters of this Northland, for you are a young man and have travelled little; but, at the same time, I am inclined to agree with you on one thing. The mammoth no longer exists. How do I know? I killed the last one with my own right arm."

Thus spake Nimrod, the Mighty Hunter. I threw a stick of firewood at the dogs and bade them quit their unholy howling, and waited. Undoubtedly this bar of singular felicity would open his mouth and requite me for my St. Elias bear.

"It was this way," he at last began, after the appropriate silence had intervened. "I was in camp one day—"

"Where?" I interrupted.

He waved his hand vaguely in the direction of the northeast, where stretched a terra incognita into which vastness few men have strayed and fewer emerged. "I was in camp one day with Klooch. Klooch was as handsome a little *skinook* as ever whined betwixt the traces or shaved nose into a camp kettle. Her father was a full-blooded Malemute from Russian Pastilik on Bering Sea, and I bred her, and with understanding, out of a clean-legged bitch of the Hudson Bay stock. I tell you, O man, she was a corker combination. And now, on this day I have in mind, she was brought to pup through a pure wild wolf of the woods—gray, and long of limb, with big lungs and no end of staying powers. Say! Was there ever the like? It was a new breed of dog I had started, and I could look forward to big things."

"As I have said, she was brought neatly to pup, and safely delivered. I was squatting on my haunches over the litter—seven sturdy, blind little beggars—when from behind came a bray of trumpets and crash of brass. There was a rush, like the wind-squall which kicks the heels of the rain, and I was midway to my feet when knocked flat on my face. At the same instant I heard Klooch sigh, very much as a man does when you've planted your fist in his belly. You can stake your sack I lay quiet, but I twisted my head around and saw a huge bulk swaying above me. Then the blue sky flashed into view and I got to my feet. A hairy mountain of flesh was just disappearing in the underbrush on the edge of the open. I caught a rear end glimpse, with a stiff tail, as big in girth as my body, standing out straight behind. The next second only a tremendous hole remained in the thicket, though I could still hear the sounds of a tornado dying quickly away, underbrush ripping and tearing and trees snapping and crashing."

"I cast about for my rifle. It had been lying on the ground with the muzzle against a log; but now the stock was smashed, the barrel out of line and the working gear in a thousand bits. Then I looked for the slut, and—what do you suppose?"

I shook my head.

"May my soul burn in a thousand hells if there was anything left of her! Klooch, the seven sturdy, blind little beggars—gone, all gone. Where she had stretched was a slimy, bloody depression in the soft dirt, all of a yard in diameter, and around the edges a few scattered hairs."

I measured three feet on the snow, threw about it a circle, and glanced at Nimrod.

"The beast was thirty long and twenty high," he answered, "and its tusks sealed over six times three feet. I couldn't believe, myself, at the time, for all that it had just happened. But if my senses had played me, there was the broken gun and the hole in the brush. And there was—or, rather, there was not—Klooch and the pups. O man, it makes me hot all over now when I think of it. Klooch! Another Eve! The mother of a new race! And a rampaging, ranting, old bull mammoth, like a second flood, wiping them, root and branch, off the face of the earth! Do you wonder that the blood-soaked dirt cried out to high God? Or that I grabbed the hand-axe and took the trail?"

"The hand-axe?" I exclaimed, startled out of myself by the picture. "The hand-axe, and a big bull mammoth, thirty feet long, twenty feet—"

Nimrod joined me in my merriment, chuckling gleefully. "Wouldn't it kill you?" he cried. "Wasn't it a beaver's dream? Many's the time I've laughed about it since, but at the time it was no laughing matter, I was that danged mad, what of the gun and Klooch. Think of it, O man! A brand-new, unclassified, uncopyrighted breed, and wiped out before ever it opened its eyes or took out its intention papers! Well,

so be it. Life's full of disappointments, and rightly so. Meat is best after a famine, and a bed soft after a hard trail."

"As I was saying, I took out after the beast with the hand-axe, and hung to its heels down the valley; but when he circled back toward the head I was left winded at the lower end. Speaking of grub, I might as well stop long enough to explain a couple of points. Up thereabouts, in the midst of the mountains, is an almighty curious formation. There are no end of little valleys, each like the other much as peas in a pod, and all neatly tucked away with straight rocky walls rising on all sides. And at the lower ends are always small openings where the drainage or glaciers must have broken out. The only way in is through these mouths, and they are all small, and some smaller than others. As to grub—you've slushed around on the rain-soaked islands of the Alaskan coast down Sitka-way, most likely, seeing as you're a traveller. And you know how stuff grows there—big, and juicy, and jungly. Well, that's the way it was with those valleys. Thick, rich soil, with ferns and grasses and such things in patches higher than your head. Rain three days out of four during the summer months; and food in them for a thousand mammoths, to say nothing of small game for man."

"But to get back. Down at the lower end of the valley I got winded and gave over. I began to speculate, for when my wind left me my dauber got hotter and hotter, and I knew I'd never know peace of mind till I dined on roasted mammoth-foot. And I knew, also, that that stood for *skinook* mammoth *pukayuk*—excuse Chinook, I mean there was a big fight coming. Now the mouth of my valley was very narrow, and the walls steep. High up on one side was one of those big pivot rocks, or balancing rocks as some call them, weighing all of a couple of hundred tons. Just the thing. I hit back for camp, keeping an eye open so the bull couldn't slip past, and got my ammunition. It wasn't worth anything with the rifle smashed; so I opened the shells, planted the powder under the rock, and touched it off with slow fuse. Wasn't much of a charge, but the old boulder tilted up lazily and dropped down into place, with just space enough to let the creek drain nicely. Now I had him."

"But how did you have him?" I queried. "Who ever heard of a man killing a mammoth with a hand-axe? And, for that matter, with anything else?"

"O man, have I not told you I was mad?" Nimrod replied, with a slight manifestation of sensitiveness. "Mad clean through, what of Klooch and the gun? Also, was I not a hunter? And was this not new and most unusual game? A hand-axe? Pish! I did not need it. Listen, and you shall hear of a hunt, such as might have happened in the youth of the world when cavemen rounded up the kill with hand-axe of stone. Such would have served me as well. Now is it not a fact that man can outwalk the dog or horse? That he can wear them out with the intelligence of his endurance?"

I nodded.

"Well?"

The light broke in on me, and I bade him continue.

"My valley was perhaps five miles around. The mouth was closed. There was no way to get out. A timid beast was that bull mammoth, and I had him at my mercy. I got on his heels again, hollered like a fiend, pelted him with cobbles, and raced him around the valley three times before I knocked off for supper. Don't you see? A race-course! A man and a mammoth! A hippodrome, with sun, moon, and stars to referee!"

"It took me two months to do it, but I did it. And that's no beaver dream. Round and round I ran him, me travelling on the inner circle, eating jerked meat and salmon berries on the run, and snatching winks of sleep between. Of course, he'd get desperate at times and turn. Then I'd head for soft ground where the creek spread out, and lay anathema upon him and his ancestry, and dare him to come on. But he was too wise to bog in a mud puddle. Once he pinned me in against the walls, and I crawled back into a deep crevice and waited. Whenever he felt for me with his trunk I'd beat him with the hand-axe till he pulled out, shrieking fit to split my ear drums, he was that mad. He knew he had me and didn't have me, and it near drove him wild. But he was no man's fool. He knew he was safe as long as I stayed in the crevice, and he made up his mind to keep me there. And he was dead right, only he hadn't figured on the commissary. There was

neither grub nor water around that spot, so on the face of it he couldn't keep up the siege. He'd stand before the opening for hours, keeping an eye on me and flapping mosquitoes away with his big blanket ears. Then the thirst'd come on him, and he'd ramp round and roar till the earth shook, calling me every name he could lay tongue to. This was to frighten me, of course; and when he thought I was sufficiently impressed, he'd back away softly and try to make a sneak for the creek. Sometimes I'd let him get almost there—only a couple of hundred yards away it was—when out I'd pop and back he'd come, lumbering along like the old landslide he was. After I'd done this a few times, and he'd figured it out, he changed his tactics. Grasped the time element, you see. Without a word of warning, away he'd go, tearing for the water like mad, scheming to get there and back before I ran away. Finally, after cursing me most horrible, he raised the siege and deliberately stalked off to the water hole."

"That was the only time he penned me—three days of it—but after that the hippodrome never stopped. Round, and round, and round, like a six days' go-as-I-please, for he never pleased. My clothes went in rags and tatters, but I never stopped to mend, till at last I ran naked as a son of earth, with nothing but the old hand-axe in one hand and a cobbler in the other. In fact, I never stopped, save for peeps of sleep in the cranies and ledges of the cliffs. As for the bull, he got perceptibly thinner and thinner—must have lost several tons at least—and as nervous as a schoolmarm on the wrong side of matrimony. When I'd come up with him and yell, or lasso him with a rock at long range, he'd jump like a skittish colt and tremble all over. Then he'd pull out on the run, tail and trunk waving stiff, head over one shoulder and wicked eyes blazing, and the way he'd swear at me was something dreadful. A most immoral beast he was, a murderer and a blasphemer."

"But toward the end he quit all this, and fell to whimpering and crying like a baby. His spirit broke and he became a quivering jelly-mountain of misery. He'd get attacks of palpitation of the heart, and stagger around like a drunken man, and fall down and bark his shins. And then he'd cry, but always on the run. O man, the gods themselves would have wept with him, and you yourself or any other man. It was pitiful, and there was so much of it, but I only hardened my heart and hit up the pace. At last I wore him clean out, and he lay down, broken-winded, broken-hearted, hungry and thirsty. When I found he wouldn't budge, I hamstringed him, and spent the better part of the day wading into him with the hand-axe, he a sniffling and sobbing till I worked in far enough to shut him off. Thirty feet long he was, and twenty high, and a man could sling a hammock between his tusks and sleep comfortably. Barring the fact that I had run most of the juices out of him, he was fair eating, and his four feet, alone, roasted whole, would have lasted a man a twelvemonth. I spent the winter there myself."

"And where is this valley?" I asked.

He waved his hand in the direction of the northeast, and said, "Your tobacco is very good. I carry a fair share of it in my pouch, but I shall carry the recollection of it until I die. In token of my appreciation, and in return for the moccasins on your own feet, I will present to you these *mucous*. They commemorate Klooch and the seven blind little beggars. They are also souvenirs of an unparalleled event in history, namely, the destruction of the oldest breed of animal on earth, and the youngest. And their chief virtue lies in that they will never wear out."

Having effected the exchange, he knocked the ashes from his pipe, gripped my hand good-night, and wandered off through the snow. Concerning this tale, for which I have already disclaimed responsibility, I would recommend those of little faith to make a visit to the Smithsonian Institute. If they bring the requisite credentials and do not come in vacation time, they will undoubtedly gain an audience with Professor Dolvidson. The *mucous* are in his possession, and he will verify, not the manner in which they were obtained, but the material of which they are composed. When he states that they are made from the skin of the mammoth, the scientific world accepts his verdict. What more would you have?

THE END

## The Old Century to the New

While feebly at last in my great soul has burned  
That flame whose full resplendence did confer  
Far mightier meeds than thrones and miniver  
On generations that have here sojourned,  
Oh, thou, toward whose bright face hope's tides are turned,  
I feel thy warm palm in this cold clasp stir,—  
Cold as the long walls of that sepulchre—  
Where many a dead forefather lies inurned.

Farewell! I have sought with majesty to bear  
My sceptre; shames and wrongs I have sought  
to kill;  
Knowledge to feed;—lend virtue harder girth.  
So, therefore, thou, mine offspring and mine heir;  
With boons and benedictions costlier still,  
So grandly forth and greet the awaiting earth!

London, December, 1900

Edgar Fawcett



## WINTER ECHO SONG

WHERE, in the heart of the woodland,  
So long, long,  
Was shaken the shady silence  
With song, song—

Now, in the heart of the woodland,  
So deep, deep,  
Are buried the rhythmic voices  
In sleep, sleep.

Where, in the heart of the woodland,  
So fair, fair,  
Was laughter of bud and blossom  
In air, air—

Now, in the heart of the woodland,  
Doth seem, seem,  
To be only the brooding rapture  
Of dream, dream!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## THE ARMY CANTEN

AMONG other persons to whose testimony the Senate Committee on Military Affairs listened on the question of the army canteen, were Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul and Bishop McGoldrick of Duluth. Both of them held the prohibition of the canteen to be unwise. Archbishop Ireland based his opinion partly on what he knew of the working of the canteen at Fort Snelling, near St. Paul. Before it was established many soldiers from the fort came to St. Paul after pay day and turned up next day in the police courts. Since the post-exchange system had prevailed that evil was diminished. The Archbishop, though himself an abstainer, does not believe in prohibition. According to the testimony of many army officers, if Congress takes the canteen seriously and without prejudice, with due attention to its record and the improvements in the habits and health of our soldiers which it is credited with, it is hard to see how it can abolish it.

## DE WET AND HIS BRITISH ADMIRERS

No gossip that comes from South Africa is more agreeable than that which records the admiration of the British officers who are fighting General De Wet. The British veterans, the correspondents tell us, admire him

What's a table though nicely spread without Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne at its head.

## Burnett's Vanilla Extract

is the best, and the best is none too good for food and drink. Insist on having it. Avoid cheap substitutes.

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Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.

# Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

excessively, and talk of him as the chief hero of the war. That sort of report gives more encouragement to the hope of eventual harmony in a tranquilized South Africa than any story of hard-won British success. The Boers have at least made themselves respected, and for any people who are to live side by side with Englishmen, to have earned British respect is an advantage that is beyond price. Lord Roberts in leaving Cape Town spoke like an Englishman of the important result of the war in consolidating the British Empire. But he also spoke very piously of the Boers as people whom "God has given into our hands, and for whom a good account of our stewardship must be rendered." Persons of a sceptical turn may feel that if the Almighty gave the Boers into the hands of the British, he did it with obvious reluctance and indications of distrust, but still Lord Roberts spoke like the good man and gallant soldier that he is, and his words were words of healing and humility. He wound them up with a verse from Kipling's "Recessional," and sailed away to his new duties as commander-in-chief of the British army.

## GOVT LUNCHES.

Eminent Doctor Orders Grape-Nuts.

An old physician in Washington, D. C., comments on the general practice government employees have of taking with them for luncheon, buttered rolls and a variety of non-nutritious articles of food which they bolt down and go on with their work.

Ultimately dyspepsia and gastric troubles ensue, and in all such cases where he has been called in for consultation, the orders have been to abandon all sorts of food for the noonday lunch except Grape-Nuts, which is a ready-cooked, predigested food and a concentrated form of nourishment.

This is eaten with a little fresh milk or cream which can be secured from the vendors who pass through the buildings during the noon hour. The doctor says: "For many reasons I would prefer not to have my name used publicly. Do not object to your furnishing same to any honest inquirer. I have been prescribing Grape-Nuts in numerous cases for about a year and a half and am pleased to say my patients have reason to be thoroughly satisfied with the results. I am myself a strong believer in Grape-Nuts and shall continue to be so long as the preparation gives the results I have obtained thus far." The doctor's name can be had of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

Order some

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A bottle, too, of TRIMBLE—and the glow  
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# Round the Hearth

## THE SERVANT QUESTION

LET US CONSIDER a new phase of this ever present and most aggressive problem. We have long been accustomed to the plaint of the down-trodden mistress, driven by her woful experiences with servants to take refuge as a homad in hotels and boarding-houses. Here rises the down-trodden maid, asserting her claim to be heard, and declaring with emphasis that her wrongs are sending her to the poorhouse and the insane hospital, and are making of her a creature as restless as the Wandering Jew.

There are many employers who, on occasion, have faced the grim rows of those very independent wage earners, servants out of place and waiting in an intelligence office to make their selection. These will not be at once convinced that cook and laundress do not hold the whip-hand. An irreconcilable difference of opinion, of conclusions, is found, on investigation, to exist between the party of the first and the party of the second part. But employers are probably willing to concede that they may have looked only on one side of the situation. To some of us it is news that servants have legitimate grievances. We had fancied that whatever was in the nature of inconvenience, perplexity and suffering was borne by the housekeeper, at her wit's end to find and keep efficiency, fidelity and honesty in the domain below stairs.

Candor and fairness compel the most prejudiced to confess that when a problem is as difficult of solution as this one there must somewhere be a key to it which has not yet been discovered. The maids have a handful of charges which they plead volubly against their employers. In the person of a bright and earnest little Englishwoman, of the stuff of which reformers are made, the domestic servant has found an advocate. Mrs. St. Justin Beale believes in her cause. She states her convictions strongly and confirms her position by relations of personal experience. In the guise of a servant she has taken several places, performed their duties faithfully, and has been subjected to conditions as to board and lodging which show that in her case one part of the employer's contract was not fulfilled. The wages of hired help in the house are not limited to a money payment. They include what used to be called in homely phrase one's keep. A good bed, a comfortable room, an abundant table, furnishing three meals a day, as excellent in quality and as unstinted in quantity as those partaken of by the family, are as much a portion of the servant's remuneration as are her three or four dollars a week, her twelve, eighteen, or twenty dollars a month. Mrs. Beale asserts that in elegant homes presided over by rich women, leaders in charity and in society, the maids are often badly lodged, poorly fed, dismissed on slight pretenses, and often defrauded of their just dues.

## SHALL WE HAVE A DOMESTIC SERVANTS' UNION?

She who is comfortably adjusted in her place as cook or waitress seems to Mrs. Beale as exceptional as to Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward seems the mistress who has a maid to her mind. Mrs. St. Justin Beale represents one side in a contest which, let the reason for it be what it may, is simply a great humiliation to American gentlemen in the beginning of the Twentieth Century. That brains, culture, conscience and money can find no way out of it is not to be admitted. There is a way out; possibly there are several ways, but in order to make any of them feasible there must be a common ground of meeting on which both parties may stand. A union of domestic servants may possibly prove a protective measure on their part, but equally a union of employers might be formed to meet the incursions of ignorance and incapacity on the other. It is notorious that hitherto the ordinary serving-woman has not felt bound by her word when making an engagement, although she has expected her employer to be fastidiously exact in keeping hers. Both sides have been handicapped more or less by the sexual tendency to emotion, and by woman's strange lack of ability to be impersonal. Women, educated or illiterate, have a habit of regarding most things as they affect their individual comfort and convenience, and a good deal of wounded feeling creeps into differences of opinion between the kitchen and the drawing-room. Neither sees the other's point of view, and neither appreciates fully the situation of the other.

Mrs. Beale suggests and has already begun to put in operation a plan which must meet with general approval. A training-school for servants, properly conducted—a school so thorough and so up-to-date that its certificate shall be accepted as a testimonial to be trusted—is a step in the right direction. Such a school may be very practical, and the scheme commends itself to common sense. Here competent instructors shall lecture and demonstrate in their several lines, teaching French, German, English and Swedish cookery, and perhaps venturing on that field of eclectic and composite housewifery which may be known as American cookery. We are told that cooks, after a long period of broiling and roasting and stewing and toasting over a fiery range, are very apt to become demented. Old cooks are especially tempted to drink. We may not judge them harshly. If their mistresses were compelled to toil day in and day out over a bed of hot coals, preparing endless meals, without fresh air, walks outdoors by daylight, or the social variety the better educated can compass, they also might lose their mental grip and grow mad or succumb to the temptation to inebriety. Domestic servants are often victims of the tea habit, and physicians tell us that many of them in an anemic condition, with depletion of the red corpuscles in the blood, are found in the hospitals.

## A NEW TRAINING-SCHOOL

The idea of a training-school for servants is a good one. It has been successfully tried under the auspices of the mistress in Boston, in Syracuse, and in other cities, every possible appliance for the work having been generously furnished. Mrs. Beale is about to open a training-school in New York which may be said to emanate from the servants themselves, and indicates a sensible and intelligent desire on their side to be fitted for their position. Of course the thoroughly equipped servant can always command and obtain the very highest wages. The market for good servants is never glutted. But every home must in its way be its own training-school, and the domestic must be willing to accept suggestions and obey orders. If the new training-school shall convey this idea to its graduates it will deserve well of everybody concerned.

And this leads to the thought that we who are housekeepers should also be trained for our profession, that we should not grope in the dark, nor underrate the work we pay for, nor forget that we are dealing not with machines, but with flesh and blood feminine humanity. The ordinary servant is warm-hearted, even if she is quick-tempered. She longs for the friendly word, for the touch of kindness. She appreciates motherly insight and interest. She is sometimes a wofully homesick young woman, far from her own people, bewildered in a strange land. The mistress who chooses may find a real mission field in her own kitchen.

The new training-school proposes to be conveniently and centrally located, and to open a tea-room; also to furnish supper and delicate dishes on call, and to keep on hand a supply of trained servants of every description for emergencies, so that in the interim, between the departing and the incoming maid, a lady may temporarily recruit her force, and not be obliged to do everything with her own hands, as is now frequently the case.

With regard to settled number of hours for domestic servants, in the nature of things, there must be mutual forbearance. Man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done, is true of the infinite number of little things which must fill a woman's day, be that woman cook or coutess. Eight hours, nine hours, eleven hours; all such limitations are vain delusions. But no servant needs to toil consecutively for any specified term of hours, as the factory operator, the saleswoman, and the typewriter toil. There are breathing-spaces, many of them, in which she may sit down and rest. If she is a good manager, or if she is willing to let her mistress manage for her, she will have every day several free hours for her sewing, or her sitting still with folded hands. The work of a house is varied, and it is not unrelieved drudgery; it is full of human interest. The relation of the servant to the household is a very close and intimate one. It should be one of honor, esteem and friendliness.

As most of our maids are young and unmarried women, some provision should be made by their employers for their receiving their friends. The employer's house is the servant's home. Men friends should be permitted entrance and accorded welcome, as freely as these are allowed

## Reduced Prices on Suits and Cloaks

UNLESS you act quickly, you will be unable to take advantage of our Reduced Price Sale. We wish to make room for new Spring stock, and the twelve hundred pieces of suitings and cloakings included when we began this Sale are being sold rapidly. The assortment will hardly last longer than the end of this month.

**Suits, Cloaks and Skirts made to order at one-third less than regular prices**—perfect in fashion, shape and workmanship. Nearly all of our styles and materials share in the reduction. These offerings are others:

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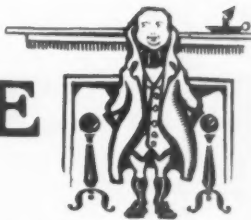
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## Edited by Margaret E Sangster



to visit the daughters of the home. The mistress should consider it her duty to know the sort of company kept by her maids; she should encourage them to save their earnings for old age, or a rainy day; she should give them a home footing in her household. In return she should exact thorough work, and tolerate no shiftless service.

That there are thousands of unemployed women of the servant class starving in New York this winter may be true. If true, it is mournful, but it would be more mournful if, within a radius of thirty miles on every side of the big town, up the Hudson, on Long Island, in New Jersey, there were not thousands of homes opening wide their doors for just these women. Every train which draws up at the Grand Central or the Pennsylvania Railroad Station brings, every morning, its quota of ladies seeking cooks, nurses, parlor-maids, waitresses and laundresses in haste.

So desperate are these suburban matrons that they rush to the intelligence offices and snatch at any forlorn hope of a woman who will go with them to their pretty homes. They ask for no credentials. They accept every assurance made by the stranger, with a touching and pathetic confidence. They go home in the afternoon, conveying their prizes, under the admiring eyes of conductors and commuters, and next week they repeat the comedy. For these maids prefer starvation in town to fulness and plenty in the country.

One of the best things which women can do in this year of grace will be to attack this queerly jumbled state of affairs, untangle its knots, and set its rough places in order. Not in a spirit of hostility nor of discouragement, but in sisterly patience, in sorrowful regret for mistakes, and on business principles, let a reform be inaugurated.

On business principles, I repeat. This is, after all, the gist of the matter. The servant is honorably engaged for stipulated wages. Let them be honorably paid. Let her comprehend fully what she is to do. If she performs extra service let there be extra compensation. There might even be profit-sharing in some cases. But of that, another day.

### WOMAN'S FADS IN THE OLD CENTURY AND IN THE NEW

IN NOTHING is the march of progress more evident than in the present attitude of woman toward life, as compared with the point of view of her predecessor. The change is as marked as that from the candles of the opening nineteenth to the electric lights of the opening twentieth century. A hundred years ago woman was a timid being, to be sheltered and protected, to be worshipped and complimented, and she lived up to the ideal men then held as peculiarly feminine. She had great reserves of bravery and patriotism, under her delicate exterior—for in every age womanhood remains the same in essentials—but she by no means met man on equal terms in any field. The dawn of the old century found women with few business opportunities and somewhat restricted educational privileges. Here and there was a learned woman, and many women were clever, resourceful and intelligent, but the curriculum designed for the sex was less strenuous and less expansive than that of to-day. Few girls went further than the common school, topped off with a foam of graceful accomplishments.

Marriage was the feminine goal. She who did not marry was regarded with compassion as a failure, and her parents were openly pitied. After marriage, the average woman retired into the seclusion of her home, and it is not too much to say that at fifty she was frankly old. The young ruled in the drawing-room, and the atmosphere was crude in consequence. Mothers are as needful to society as daughters in their bloom, and this the new century acknowledges with pride.

The woman doctor, the woman lawyer, the woman journalist and the trained nurse were unknown when the nineteenth century began. The twentieth would be bewildered without them. In the old days, woman's activities were limited to home management and church work. Housekeeping bristled with various labors. Soap and candles were of domestic manufacture, crushed sugar was broken off the loaf by the bit, there were no sewing machines, nor wringers, nor stationary tubs, nor could pickles and preserves be purchased. Ready-made clothing could not be bought. Nevertheless, this busy housewife was a voluminous letter-writer, crossing and recrossing her gossip sheets to save postage; she was often a deft amateur surgeon, and had remedies on hand for the family ills. She was a good neighbor and a staunch friend, and her manners were formal and elegant. Somehow she had more time than we have for little courtesies.

In the new century woman's sphere has grown larger. Her charities are broader, though less intimate and individual. Their objects are greatly multiplied. Hence, the day nursery, the hospital, the settlement, the working girls' club, the friendly guild, all beckon the large-minded woman, and she administers them efficiently. She belongs to clubs and associations, and, like Mrs. Gilpin, has a frugal eye to improvement even in their pleasant engagements. Among her most beneficent fads must be classed her zeal for town and city adornment, for clean streets, and for reformed ash-barrels. She looks after the waifs and strays of civilization, peers into almshouse and prison cell, and fights cruelly to dumb animals. An inborn and inherited hatred of dirt and disorder leads her to combat both wherever she finds them, and her finger is often in the municipal pie to its manifest advantage.

The most conspicuous fad of the new century woman is devotion to athletics. Our girls of to-day are magnificently vital, splendid specimens of health, beauty and endurance; they are taller than their mothers, and carry themselves with an air of distinction in keeping with their superb stature and elastic strength. Outdoor exercise confers on them color, grace and vigor; they play the games of the hour with skill and audacity, and their wholesome life in the open has given them a charm far in excess of semi-individualism and interesting fragility. The fad of the new century woman is to be ready for anything, broadly educated, spiritually enlightened, and physically equal to every demand.

### THE CHILD-CRIMINAL

WE ASSOCIATE innocence and purity with childhood. A child-criminal is an anachronism. But there are juvenile offenders in plenty, the waifs of the street, children who have no parental care and training, children who are themselves degenerates, and whose parents are the offshoots of the earth. Women, the mothers of sweet, open-faced, bright, well-nurtured boys and girls, may not evade a certain responsibility for these children of sin and sorrow, whose existence is a reproach to our Christianity, as their proficiency in evil is a menace to society and the state. We learn, having had our attention called to the fact by a recent terrible example, that the law is defective with regard to delinquent children. A little criminal must receive the same measure of penalty which would be meted to a man convicted of crime. In the case of a child, not long ago found guilty of murder, twenty years in Sing Sing was the punishment which the judge was obliged to bestow. If the laws need amendment, women, who are the natural protectors of children, should agitate the matter till they gain their point. A childish criminal should be reformed if possible, not placed where reform is almost certainly out of the bounds of possibility. And women should assure themselves that the schools are inculcating morals as well as arithmetic and geography.

### SHARPS AND FLATS

EUGENE FIELD will never more wave over us his enchanter's wand with his silver-sweet western verse, and his charming and profitable tales. But, from the work which Mr. Field left behind him, enough grist has been gathered to make two very charming volumes, in which are bits of poetry, paragraphs, and stories, a most agreeable miscellany to pick up at odd moments. When we are tired, and need cheering up, or when we would be the better for a laugh, we may find something to suit our mood in "Sharps and Flats."

### ABOUT THE TOYS

WHEN the little lass has her toys, her dolls, her boxes of blocks and pictures around her, let her enjoy them. A child should never find its belongings a burden through excessive care. If she destroys something of value which is her own, the doing without it will sufficiently teach her to be more careful another time. Child-life should not bristle with prohibitions, and don't should be a banished word from the nursery, except when it must positively be spoken. Dolls which are too fine for everyday use are of very little worth to little mothers, and mechanical toys which must be kept under lock and key would better have been left in the shop.

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This illustration will give you some idea of the appearance of the silk waist when made up from 63-cent Le Dorris Corded Taffeta. Of course you can make it

## FROM STAGE COACH TO EXPRESS TRAIN

**I**N SCARCELY any walk of life, or rather line of endeavor, has such progress been made during the last hundred years as in the methods of land transportation. The snail has been changed into a thoroughbred racer, the stage coach of our grandfathers has given way to the steam-driven monsters which whirl the traveller over the ground at a rate of speed absolutely unbelievable when the dead century dawned.

In 1801 land travel was done by means of horses ridden or driven to some sort of vehicle, the latter calculated to foster and expand the use of profanity. Great lumbering coaches, swung on leather straps, with bulky wheels—such was the stage coach in which our forebears were forced to go from place to place, unless they preferred the riding horse. The coach, pulled by four, six or eight horses, was a miniature inferno on wheels. Swaying wildly from side to side, bouncing up and down and crosswise, jolting its occupant in every direction of the compass, a disrespector of low and high alike, the stage coach was a thing to be dreaded.

**FAST TIME IN STAGE-COACH DAYS**

Travelling was expensive, too; for the average rate was ten cents a mile. It cost twenty-one dollars to go from New York City to Baltimore, and took seven days—if the roads were passable. In winter, or after heavy rains, no time limit could be set. Horses were relayed as near every hour as possible. Travellers had to pay for their food and drink, to say nothing of tipping the post-boy. The rich men of that day sometimes travelled in post-chaises, and in them made records for speed then believed unapproachable. A special messenger travelled from New York City to Braintree, Mass., with a message to John Adams in the marvellous time of fifty hours. From New York to Albany took four days; to Boston a day less, although the distance was greater, for the roads were better. The average speed of the coach while in motion was about seven miles an hour. Twelve miles an hour was very high speed.

The steam engine has changed all that. Stephenson is generally accredited with being the father of the modern locomotive. He does not deserve that credit. The first steam engine on wheels of the century was built in 1801 (thirteen years before Stephenson's was tried) by Richard Trevithick of Camborne, Cornwall, England. It was a wonderful affair, with cog-wheels at all corners, and travelled at the great rate of five miles an hour. Two years later he constructed another engine, the first steam-driven carriage to travel on rails, which caused tremendous excitement.

The first locomotive for passenger use was built by George Stephenson, and was used in 1825 on the Stockton and Darlington Railway, England. Four years later, Stephenson's Rocket attained a speed of 24 1/6 miles an hour over the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, and was acclaimed the wonder of the century.

The first locomotive in practical use in the United States was of English make and was imported in 1829, when it was put into operation on the road of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. The first sleeping cars were not put into use until 1856, when Woodruff obtained a patent upon them.

## SOME RAILROAD RECORDS

Now the locomotive is the king of speed machines. No speed seems too great for the iron horse. The best on record, for a short distance, is that made by a train on the Burlington route, between Siding and Arion, a distance of 2.4 miles, done at the rate of 136 miles an hour. Next comes the famed Empire State Express, which made one mile in 32 seconds, or 112 miles an hour. A train travelling over the Pennsylvania road, between Landover and Anacosta, 5.1 miles, did the distance in 3 minutes—102 miles an hour.

Foreign trains have no records to equal ours. The best English record is that over the Great Western road, between London and Didcot, 53.25 miles, at a rate of 68 miles an hour. The best comparison with the British train referred to is the express between Camden and Atlantic City, a distance of 58.3 miles, which is covered at an average of 76.50 miles an hour. The Empire State Express has a schedule run between New York City and Buffalo—436.32 miles—at an average speed of 59.56 miles an hour.

The best French record is that made between Paris and Bordeaux, 363 miles, at the average rate of 54 miles an hour. The average of foreign express trains, including stops, is: England, 51.75 miles an hour; Germany, 51.25; France, 49.88; Belgium, 45.04; Holland, 44.73; Italy, 42.34; Austro-Hungary, 41.75. There is no average obtainable for the United States, but thirty trains, taken at random from various roads, average 61.8145 miles an hour.

That tells the tale of the progress of transportation during the last hundred years—from 7 miles an hour to the rushing, whirling, dashing express train whizzing along at a rate of 112 miles in sixty minutes.

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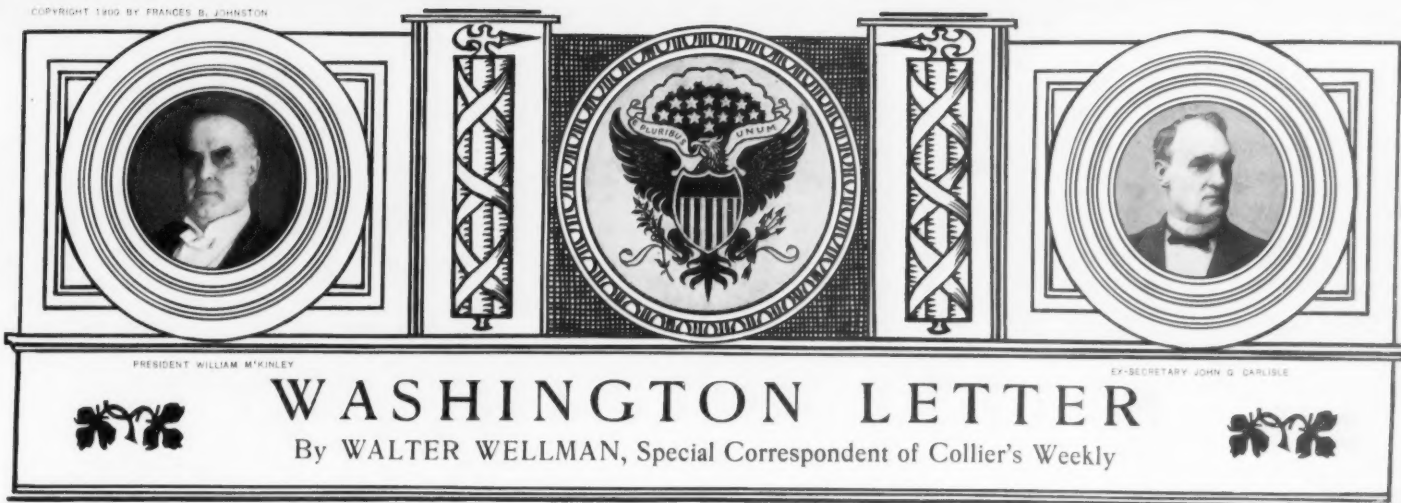
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### THE GREAT COLONIAL CASE

IT IS A REMARKABLE coincidence that at the beginning of the new century the statesmen of America are perplexed by the same great problem that bothered our forefathers at the beginning of the old century. In the first years of the century just ended President Jefferson and his Cabinet were considering the acquisition of Louisiana and the constitutional difficulties involved therein; to-day President McKinley and his advisers are harassed by the problem of how to take in the Philippines and Porto Rico and get over the constitutional stumbling-blocks which some people think stand squarely in the way. And this problem ex-Secretary Carlisle and other eminent counsel opposing the position of the Administration will endeavor to solve.

Noteworthy, too, is the fact that it was the great Napoleon who started the United States upon this great career of expansion a century ago, and who set a certain moral or civic standard in that expansion which our Napoleon of a hundred years later finds it difficult to ignore. It was Napoleon, then First Consul, who by secret treaty in the closing months of the eighteenth century acquired Louisiana from Spain, and who immediately turned round and sold that vast expanse of territory, an empire in itself, to Thomas Jefferson. Napoleon named a price which seemed insignificant enough, only fifteen million dollars, but by insisting that the inhabitants of the territory should be taken into the American Union, and enjoy all the rights and immunities of American citizens, he made no end of trouble for Jefferson and impressed himself more than he could have dreamed of doing upon the policies and sentiments of the New World—an impression which survives and is real and vital to this day. Doubtless it is a somewhat surprising discovery that the American notion, that all acquisition of new territory should be but a preliminary to incorporation and citizenship, had its origin with Napoleon, and not in the "basic principles" upon which our forefathers founded the Republic; but this appears to be the fact. It is not disputed that Bonaparte drew that clause of the treaty which provided that the inhabitants should be taken within our system; nor is it denied that this was agreed to on account of the First Consul's insistence and with reluctance upon the part of Jefferson's commissioners, because Jefferson himself had instructed them to the contrary. But the treaty was so drawn, and in that form was accepted; and as this was the first acquisition of territory by the young Republic there was nothing to do but to conform to it, and thus a model was set which ever since has lived in the minds of the American people.

### THE SAME PROBLEM WHICH HARASSED OUR FOREFATHERS

In view of the overwhelming importance of the expansion and constitutional problems with which all departments of our government are now struggling, and which the Supreme Court is soon to give what is hoped will be a final pronouncement upon, it is most interesting to recall the phases of that same problem which harassed our forefathers. Jefferson claimed his commissioners had exceeded their authority; at first he was doubtful if the conditions of the treaty which Napoleon had insisted upon could be carried out without altering our Constitution, and he even went so far as to draft amendments which he proposed to submit to the people for their ratification. Out of Jefferson's early doubt on this subject has grown the quite general belief that he thought the Constitution gave no power to acquire territory. But whatever may have been his doubts at the outset, in the end they did not run at all in this direction, but wholly to the power of Congress to incorporate foreign territory and its inhabitants within the Union. The two drafts of a proposed constitutional amendment which he made (but which were never pressed) said nothing about power to acquire, but related wholly to the power to incorporate.

Now, after the lapse of a century, it is a curious circumstance that popular ideas upon this question, both in its sentimental and legal aspect, have apparently not clarified at all, but remain hazy and confused. The notion which Napoleon put into our minds, that whenever we acquire we must incorporate, has not only survived but it has been developed far beyond the original limits, with an accompanying confusion of thought as to the power of our government. It is contended now, not that we have not the power to incorporate (which Jefferson and Madison were doubtful about), but that we have not the power to do anything else. Our first expansionists agreed with Napoleon to make the inhabitants of Louisiana citizens "as soon as possible"; but now it is contended that this is a government of such limited powers that it has not the right of choice as to time or means, but automatically effects such incorporation both of territory and its inhabitants the moment it acquires title to territory by ratification of a treaty of cession. This confusion as to both principles and history shows that for almost a hundred years the minds of Americans have run strongly in other channels. We have been passing through the age of elementary education, of physical and mechanical conquest, of economic study, of internal revolution due to the presence of slavery among us, and we have had neither time nor incentive to delve into these

questions of our outer relations and powers. Suddenly an access of sentiment pushes us forward to the emancipation of Cuba from Spanish rule, and almost in a twinkling we find ourselves confronted by problems about which we know almost nothing and which the most of us appear to approach with plenty of sentiment but very little expertness.

### AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP

A majority of the people of this country think American citizenship such a great and glorious thing that they cannot see how any one can possibly deny that inestimable privilege to our wards in Porto Rico and the Philippines. This generous impulse does not stop to consider that such citizenship may be the worst possible thing for the people of the acquired territory and still worse for ourselves. The American people are so big and broad and beautifully unselfish that they do not wish to consider such things as the practical effect. They want these poor people to come in out of the cold, not be compelled to sleep in the national woodshed; and they are counting neither the first cost of such hospitality nor how much trouble the new-comer may make after he gets in. That will come later, though when it is too late. If any one ventures to suggest that the best thing for these outlying territories is a colonial condition—not crown colonies but congressional colonies at first, and afterward self-governing colonies in the fullest sense—the generous people will have none of it. They say there is no place in a republic for subject peoples, showing how prone they are to follow a phrase if it only be a sonorous one, and ignoring the fact that we have subject peoples, governed without participation and taxed without representation, at the present time. What else are the Territories of the West and this District of Columbia itself?

There is a popular conviction, too, that the founders of the Republic never thought of such a thing as a colony—that a subject region was abhorrent to them and was not dreamed of in their philosophy. It is instructive, therefore, to turn to the debates in Congress in the first years of the century which has just passed. The Louisiana Purchase was strenuously discussed by the statesmen of that day. Both Federalists and Republicans agreed that the United States had the power to acquire territory and to govern it as such, but the opponents of the Jefferson Administration denied that the Constitution gave Congress any power to annex such territory and to incorporate it within the Union in any way. Timothy Pickens did not believe this could be done without an amendment to the Constitution; and he went so far as to say that in his opinion the right to enlarge the boundaries of the nation was such a sacred thing that it could not be exercised except by the consent of each individual State. He wanted Louisiana governed as "a dependent province," and thought that would ensure it a better government than annexation of it to the United States. James Elliott of Vermont argued that the clause of the Constitution as to uniformity of tariffs and duties did not refer to "colonial or territorial acquisitions," and hence not to Louisiana. Mr. Smilie of Pennsylvania wanted the people of Louisiana to "remain in a colonial state." Roger Griswold of Connecticut said we had undoubted power to acquire by treaty or conquest but not to incorporate within the Union, and that such acquired territories "must remain in the condition of colonies and be governed accordingly." Mr. Nicholson of Maryland said of Louisiana: "It is in the nature of a colony whose commerce may be regulated without any reference to the Constitution."

### THE "LOUISIANA PURCHASE" AND THE PHILIPPINES

Samuel Mitchell of New York made a speech on the Louisiana Purchase which would well apply to the Philippine problem of our day. He said it was a territory acquired by all the States in their federal capacity and could be disposed of at their pleasure. "But," he asked, "what would gentlemen do with these people? Turn them away to the Spanish provinces, or bid them go wander in the wilderness? No; we must give them the blessings of law and social order; protect them from rapacity, violence and anarchy; secure them in their lives, property and civil privileges; train them up in a knowledge of our laws and institutions; let them serve an apprenticeship to liberty, and thus by degrees raise them to the right of independence. After they shall have been a sufficient length of time in this probationary period, they shall be given full constitutional rights. Congress must be the judge of the time and expediency of this."

All through those debates of a century ago run such expressions, showing that then, while many of the men who had framed the Constitution still lived and some of them were members of Congress, there existed clearer ideas as to the powers of our government than those which prevail to-day. The statesmen of the first years of the century did not appear to have any horror of a colonial system; they were not afraid to use the words "colonies" and "colonial dependencies" and "governed accordingly." This debate over the Louisiana Purchase settled the matter, apparently, for nearly half a century; and then John C. Calhoun brought forward the doctrine that the Constitution goes of its own vigor, automatically, to all territory acquired by the United States, without any right of choice about it reposing in the Congress.

Daniel Webster combated this idea in Congress and in the Supreme Court, but Chief-Justice Taney upheld it in a decision which was so obviously designed to sustain Calhoun's propaganda of slavery in the Territories that the minority of the Court, and not the majority, handed down the opinion which to this day commands the respect of constitutional lawyers. But—and here is another of the anomalies of this peculiar episode of our national life—most of the very people who fought slavery and the slave power and doctrine are now, through a generous but ill-considered impulse, advocating the constitutional principle which Calhoun invented. The people go further in their ignorance of history and say this doctrine that the United States can constitutionally hold a colony or dependency is a new thing invented to help the Administration out of the hole it has fallen into through the acquisition of Porto Rico and the Philippines!

### THE NATIONAL CAPITAL A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Those of our forefathers who attended to the business of the nation at this capital a hundred years ago had rather a hard time of it. In the first place, their journeys hither were long and arduous, requiring three days to come from New York alone by stage coach. Arriving here they found but indifferent inns, stuffy rooms, crude dining-halls. Getting to and from the Capitol building was a serious business, on account of the distance and the mud. It occurs to me that we who live in the first years of the twentieth century may count ourselves lucky dogs in comparison with the poor fellows who were compelled to worry along in the benighted days of the first part of its predecessor. The richest man of those times could not with all his fortune command the glorious privilege of riding to the national state-house in a swiftly moving, brilliantly lighted street-car, fare six for a quarter. He could not telephone home and tell what he wanted for dinner and what time he would be there to eat it; and I remember hearing the late Kate Chase Sprague (beautiful woman in her day) tell how her father, the great Chief-Justice, used to go to one of the windows of the Senate wing and put a flag out so that she, watching for it through a telescope at their country house a mile or two away, might know that he was coming home to dine. Our ancestor knew a lot about the Constitution, but he could not for love or money get a morning bath in a warmed and tiled bathroom fitted with a porcelain tub, as most of the humblest of us can do now. He had to take his dip in the horse-trough or the creek, or go without. If there had been among those founders of the Republic one as rich as Croesus and Rockefeller combined, he could not have commanded such a newspaper as we may all buy nowadays for a copper or two, nor a library such as we all have access to (fit for emperors and literally inclined gods), nor illustrated papers like COLLIERS' WEEKLY and monthly magazines for a dime a copy, nor steam or hot-water heated apartment, nor a parlor car at fifty miles the hour, nor ten thousand other conveniences, comforts and luxuries of life now so common as to be denominated necessities. To my mind the crowning achievement of the century, and one which most of our centennial commentators have overlooked, is this raising of the standard of comfort so that the masses now enjoy things which the richest could barely dream of a hundred years ago.

### WASHINGTON A CITY OF OUTCASTS

There is no place in the world, perhaps, where this significance of the century's greatest work is better exemplified and applied than in this capital city of America. Washington is in this, as in many other respects, the typical American city—a city of homes, of artistic architecture, of almost universal use of all the conveniences and comforts which the arts and sciences have showered upon humanity, of noble public institutions, of a people who live well easily, leisurely, wholesomely. But, alas! it is not a typical American city in its government; we poor wretches are taxed without representation; we are ruled by the President and Congress, not only broadly as American citizens but as local taxpayers, for the President is our mayor and the Senate and House of Representatives are our common council, and in the selection of none of these have we a single voice. Probably our lot would be intolerable if it were not for the fact that our tyrants take pity upon us and give us, out of the goodness of their hearts and not because the Constitution compels them so to do, the best government known to American municipalities.

A hundred years ago the territory belonging to the United States was only a quarter as great in extent as it is at the present time. Our forefathers feared they were taking a radical and dangerous departure when they acquired Louisiana, the wilderness, and agreed to incorporate it within the Union; but the nation appears to have withstood the shock pretty well. There are plenty of honest men who fear the Republic will start upon the road to destruction if we now take in Porto Rico and the Philippines and hold them as colonies; but that is precisely what we are about to do if the Supreme Court in its wisdom gives the Federal government the necessary power. There are conscientious students of our national life who think the shock of this departure could be endured, too.

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## AMERICAN INVENTIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE dead nineteenth century has been a marvellous one, as far as inventions are concerned, and what is more remarkable still, the United States, the youngest of nations, heads the list both as to number of inventions and their scope and ingenuity. No other country can compare with the United States in this respect; in fact, France, England and Canada united just about equal the number of patents obtained in America during the nineteenth century.

In one hundred years, 650,123 patents were granted in the United States. France comes next, with 308,558; England next, with 278,129; Belgium, with 154,155; Germany, 126,114; Austria-Hungary, 82,933; Canada, 65,510; Italy, 49,990; and Spain, 22,314. From the birth of the Patent Office in 1790 until 1836, 9,957 patents were granted. In the latter year, 109 patents were issued. In 1890, when high-water mark was reached, 26,292 patents were issued. As far as States are concerned, Connecticut is the most prolific, while Thomas A. Edison heads the list of individual patentees, with 727 patents issued and more pending. Besides, there are about forty other inventors each of whom has more than one hundred patents to his credit.

### "MANY INVENTIONS"

But leaving the number of patents aside, the quality of the inventions is as remarkable as their quantity. The steamboat owes its origin to American ingenuity. It was Robert Fulton, its inventor, who went to the great Napoleon, offering to put it within his power to conquer England with a fleet of steam-propelled vessels. The Corsican laughed at the ridiculous idea and—Britain eventually conquered the scowling of Fulton.

Morse annihilated space with his American-invented telegraph. Field united two continents by cable. Edison reproduced sound. He enabled telegraph operators to send four different messages on the same telegraph-wire at the same time. Bell enabled human beings miles apart to converse with each other. The first steamer to cross the Atlantic was the American *Savannah*. McCormick invented the reaper, making it possible for harvesting to be done with great speed, where formerly it was carried on in the most primitive manner. Americans first made watches by machinery. Smith and Wesson invented the magazine firearm. Sleeping cars were first constructed in this country, being the invention of Woodruff. Iron floor beams were first used in frame construction, in the building of Cooper Institute, New York City. Howe invented the sewing machine. Otis constructed the first passenger elevator. The first barbed wire fence was erected in the United States. Ericsson invented the iron-clad battleship. And so on, in endless numbers almost.

### STEAM POWER

Perhaps the most important of all inventions has been the application of steam to moving machinery. Steam is the primary power which moves our engines, runs our presses, does our work—is our servant. While the invention of the modern steam engine itself dates back to 1784, when James Watt obtained his patent, yet the steam engine of to-day is of much more recent origin. The cut-off valve, which saves two thirds of the steam, the various gauges, the numerous rotary engines—in fact, most of the principal improvements to the engine of James Watt—are of American origin.

The steam fire-engine, such as every city in America possesses, is American, having been invented in 1841 by a Mr. Hodges. The great locomotives which draw our trains up to 112 miles an hour are all built on American lines. The total steam horse-power of the world is estimated at about 65,000,000, of which the United States can lay just claim to almost one-third.

### ELECTRICAL PROGRESS

Next to steam, electricity has made the most wonderful progress. At the end of the eighteenth century practically nothing was known of this subtle fluid. A hundred years later, marvellous doings can be recorded. What steam fails to do for us electricity does. It rings our bells, propels our cars, raises our elevators, transmits our messages, reproduces our voices, plays our pianos, lights our streets and homes, cauterizes our wounds and performs a thousand other functions. All these marvels owe their origin to the discovery of the electro-magnet, an indispensable adjunct to all electric contrivances, by Professor Joseph Henry of Princeton, N. J. Samuel F. B. Morse, utilizing Henry's invention, discovered the telegraph and the system of signalling which bears his name. Joseph B. Stearns of Boston discovered the duplex system of telegraphing and Edison the quadruplex. Royal C. House, another American, invented the

printing telegraph, now used in every book-er's office in the shape of the famous "ticker." Still another invention of American origin is the fire-alarm system, discovered by Channing and Farmer of Boston. Burglar alarms, district messenger calls, railroad signals and hotel annunciators are also American by birth.

### ELECTRICAL PROPULSION, LIGHTING, AND THE TELEPHONE

As far as dynamos are concerned, the first patent in this line was granted by the United States to Saxton, a citizen. Since then, Edison, Tesla, Westinghouse and others have proven to the world that American inventors are unrivalled in the construction of new electrical contrivances.

The greatest step forward in electricity has, however, been in the propulsion of cars. Here, again, the American blazed the way, for Professor Henry, the inventor of the electro-magnet, also constructed the first practical motor. Dr. Page, another American, built the first electric locomotive, which, in 1851, drew a train from Washington to Badensburg at the rate of 19 miles an hour. To-day, there are in the United States about 20,000 miles of electrical railways.

In electric lighting, too, America stands first. The greatest searchlight in the world is near Pasadena, Cal. It is of 3,000,000 candle-power and can be seen for a distance of 150 miles. The first incandescent lamp we can also claim, being the invention of a Mr. Starr. Moses G. Farmer lighted his home at Salem, Mass., with electricity in 1859, being the first in the world to put electricity to such a use. Since then, electric lighting has been so developed and has become so popular, that to-day there are about 500,000 arc lights and 25,000,000 incandescent lights in active use in the United States.

The telephone dates to 1874, when both Professor Bell and Elisha Gray applied to the Patent Office for protection. After much legal wrangling, the prize went to Bell. To-day there are 772,989 miles of telephone wire in use, connecting 465,180 stations and giving direct employment to 19,668 persons. In 1899, the Bell Telephone Company answered 1,231,000,000 calls.

### THE PRINTING PRESS

Next to steam and electricity must rank printing and all its kindred industries, from the production of books to the development of the newspaper and magazine. Printing presses, or rather improvements which have made possible the modern paper, are all due to American ingenuity. The Washington hand-press, still in use in most printing offices, was invented by George Rust in 1829. R. H. Hoe was the greatest worker in this line of endeavor, however, for he it was who invented the web press, which feeds endless strips of paper into the press. From a few hundred an hour, these machines have advanced until they can now turn out 96,000 eight-page papers in an hour, completely cut and properly folded.

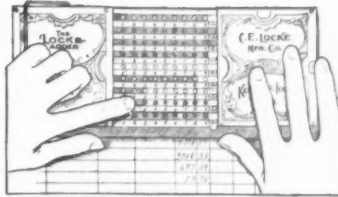
### TYPESETTING MACHINES

With increased rapidity in printing came a demand for an increase in the quickness of setting type. Here America once more distinguished itself, for it was Mergenthaler of Baltimore who invented the wonderful machine for setting type which bears his name. Hand in hand with the linotype, as this machine is called, came the discovery that wood, ground into pulp, could be converted cheaply into paper. As a result, paper has increased in quality and quantity and has materially decreased in cost.

United with the art of printing is the use of the typewriter. The first practicable typewriter—there had been half a dozen impracticable ones—was that of A. E. Beach, an American, who obtained his patent in 1847. Since then, thousands of other patents have so improved the typewriting machine that Mr. Beach would not recognize his invention, were he alive to see it.

### THE SEWING MACHINE

Sewing machines have also played a prominent part in the inventive life of this country. In 1826 one Lye obtained a patent for such a contrivance, but it proved too cumbersome and was abandoned. The first practicable machine was that of Elias Howe, patented in 1846. From this has grown the complicated machine of to-day, which has decimated the cost of clothing, of shoes—of everything that was formerly sewn by hand and is now stitched by machinery. It is estimated that Howe's primitive machine has grown into an industry which produces about 850,000 machines a year and gives employment to more than 100,000 persons in this country alone.



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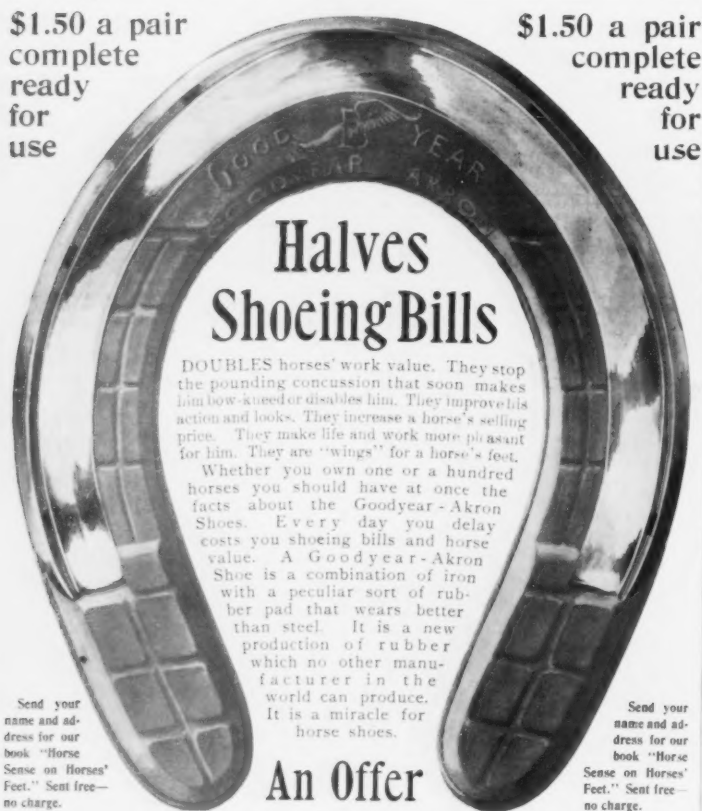
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### ARTIFICIAL LEGS AND THE PHONOGRAPH

Artificial legs are truly American in their origin, for the first patent in this line was that granted to B. F. Palmer in 1846. The modern ones are so perfect that any one fortunate to possess one can even ride a bicycle. And that brings to memory the "wheel"—first patented in this country in 1819 by W. K. Clarkson. Even the pneumatic tire is of American origin, having been patented in 1847 by R. W. Thompson.

Edison, of course, invented the phonograph, the original voice and sound reproducer. Before his discovery in 1877, attempts had been made to reproduce the human voice, but without success. It was not until the American wizard evolved his machine that a triumph was achieved. He, too, is responsible for the numerous moving-picture machines now in existence, for his vitascope was the original, having been patented in 1893.

### "TALKING MACHINES"

The phonograph, itself the mother of a big family of little or auxiliary inventions, is far in advance to-day of the halting but in itself wonderful machine of the Wizard of 1877. So far the public has toyed with the phonograph and the moving picture. They have been largely, indeed entirely, as far as the bulk of those enjoying them are concerned, the toys of our later days, but time, doubtless, will prove their scientific and more useful value. Films for use in making moving pictures are now preserved in many libraries, and a complete set of kinetoscopic views of the Queen's Longest Reign procession are preserved in London for the benefit and enlightenment of future generations. In the same way voices from many bodies that are now but scattered atoms on the earth's crust are still preserved for years yet to come.

The practical uses to which the phonograph may be put are increasing daily. The latest is to employ it as a teacher of languages. Schools and families unable to afford the services of a teacher from whom the correct accent can be acquired find an excellent substitute in the phonograph into which a highly paid professor of languages has dictated the lessons in his most academic accent. The machine is also used as a substitute for the stenographer in the dictation of letters, and even actual correspondence is carried on by its means.

### SOME OTHER INVENTIONS

Gas, too, belongs, to a degree, to American inventiveness, for in 1865 David Melville of Newport, R. I., lighted his house with gas made in his home-made apparatus. Even the method of making what is known now as Bessemer steel owes its discovery to an American, William Kelly, who obtained a patent on the process in 1857. Nearly all the principal improvements in the spinning industry are due to the brain power of the American inventor—from Whitney's cotton-gin to the more complicated spinning machines.

Not least among modern inventions is the stem-winding watch, first patented by A. L. Dennison of Boston in 1848. The first practical reaper was also American, having been patented by Hussey in 1833 and a year later by McCormick. Since then all sorts of agricultural machines have been devised, each one more remarkable than its predecessors and nearly all American in origin.

This list could be lengthened out indefinitely, for American ingenuity is seemingly endless. There remains but to state that America's share in the inventions of the world during the nineteenth century is fully commensurate with her position among nations—first. And, as some one reported to Queen Victoria, when America won the America's Cup—"There is no second."

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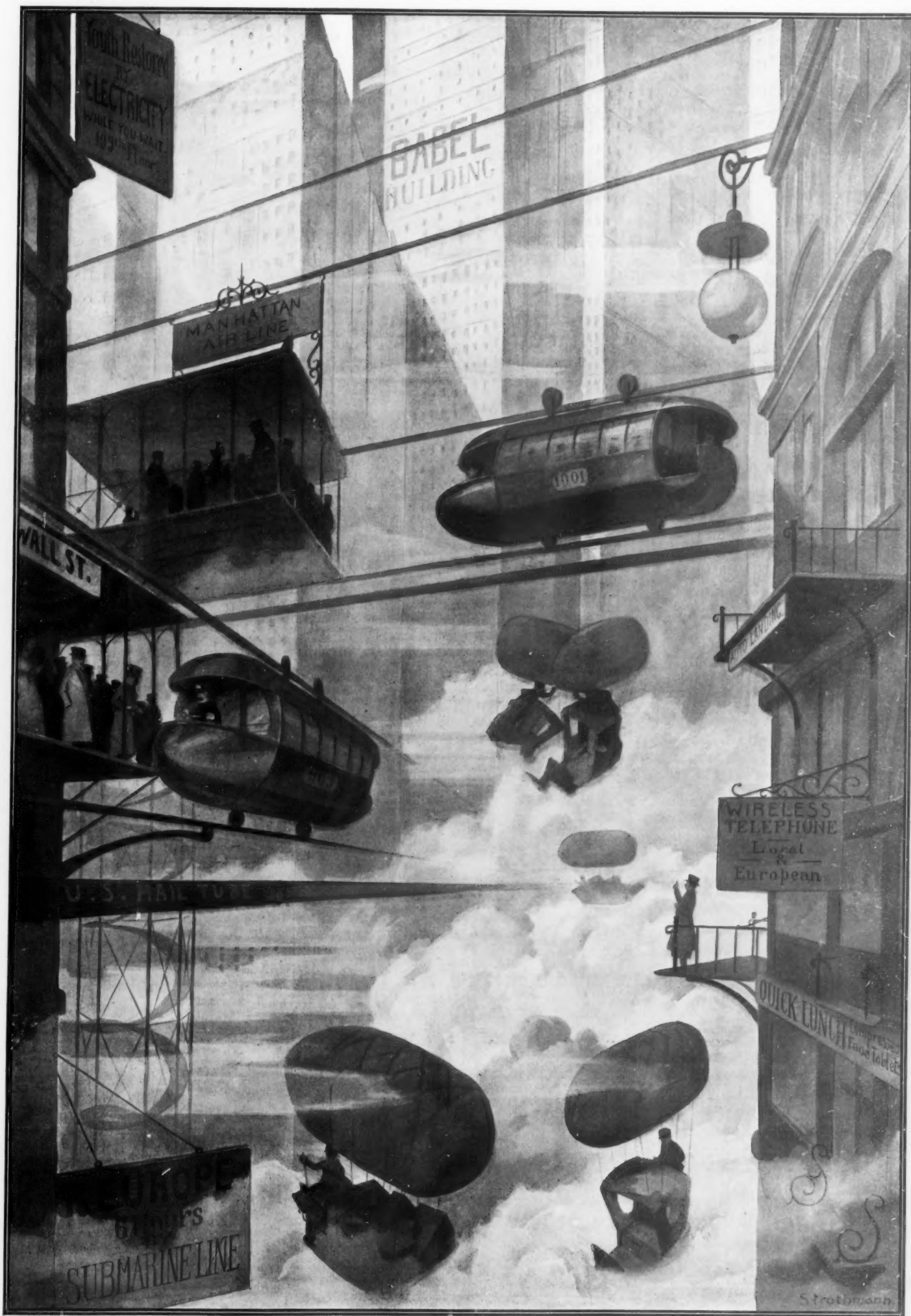
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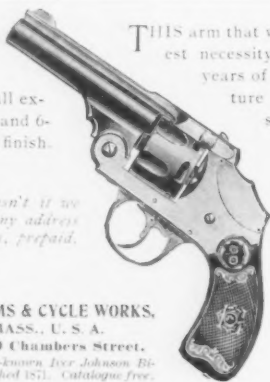
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## SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY  
WALTER CAMP

### WINTER SPORTS

NOT so many years ago there was practically no comparison between this  
country and Canada in the matter of enjoyment of winter sport. The Cana-  
dians had it all their own way. The most that the inhabitant of the States  
got out of it was a long tramp to some pond where he could skate so long as it  
did not snow, but with the first fall of snow, as no attempt was made to clear a space, skating  
was practically abandoned until the rain or a thaw, followed by a subsequent cold snap, gave  
him satisfactory ice once more. Sport, while the snow was on the ground, consisted of sliding  
downhill on the traditional pig-sticker, some sleighing in the Western towns, and, for boys,  
the pleasure of getting a hitch. Well-defined sport for any one, outside the limits of boyhood  
and girlhood, was almost unknown. But the Canadians with their rinks, their winter car-  
nivals, their ice yachting, their tobogganing, their snowshoeing, and all their winter pastimes,  
gradually converted us, until now we are becoming as devoted to winter as are they  
themselves.

There is no more jolly fun in the world than a toboggan slide. Dressed in blanket garb, the  
cold kept out and the warmth kept in, one goes to the top for the first trip. I do not imagine  
that one ever loses from one's memory the sensations of that initial slide. One of the first of  
these is the look down from the top. There before you is that shining icy course, pitched at  
such an angle as to make the beginner feel that he is on the ridge-pole of a very steep-roofed  
house. As he looks he feels that it will take very little to make him renew that nightmare of  
his youth when, after a Christmas dinner, he always dreamed he was sliding down the steeple  
of the church. The next feeling is that it cannot be so frightfully dangerous after all, because  
there are other people doing it all the time, and they actually seem to be coming up alive. So  
finally, with a shiver, as if you were about to plunge into a shower-bath, but that your nerve  
and courage is at stake, you seat yourself on the long, flat, padded toboggan and curl in your  
feet.

You know others are getting on behind, but you do not dare look. You are quite sure  
that the party who ought to guide and captain the thing is looking around the other way and  
may let go by accident any minute. Finally, you hear some one call out to "hold on tight,"  
and in a minute you are going down that dizzy height like an express train shooting by the  
small stations. Faster and faster yet, the moisture in your eyes preventing your seeing any-  
thing except occasional sparks of light shooting by. You know there is little chance of escape  
and that your last moment has come, when suddenly you begin to feel an exhilaration and an  
abandon wholly inexplicable. You do not care whether there is an accident or not, and rather  
prefer one if it is a part of the game. Just as you have reached this point, you find that the  
toboggan has slowed down and that your first ride is over. From that time you are a brave  
man or woman, and all you want is to get to the top again and go through those mingled sen-  
sations once more.

But tobogganing is not the only fun of the winter. In an earlier issue we commented upon  
skiing and the point to which this kind of snowshoeing had reached in other countries. But  
the shorter, broader shoe prevails principally here and in Canada, and for any one who wishes  
to get in first-class condition there is no better exercise than that of snowshoeing. Many a  
moonlight run is taken in Canada, and while in the States most of the snowshoeing is done by  
day, there is just as much fun and perhaps better exercise.

After snowshoeing and tobogganing there is the ice hockey, played both in and out of  
doors. And here let me say that while rinks are all very well in their way, and unques-  
tionably furnish a more regular surface and a better place for the settlement of the ordinary  
game, there is no comparison between the invigoration produced by the outdoor lake or pond  
skating and the occasional rather depressed and exhausted feeling that follows a contest in a  
rink where the air and ventilation is not always all it might be. Then there is the curling—  
not yet much known in the States, save in the North and West, but a most fascinating sport.  
And, finally, the ice yachting, with which we are now as familiar as the best and unques-  
tionably far ahead in our opportunities for very good work of this kind. We could even give  
the ice yachtsman of the Gulf of Finland a fair contest and would have no reason to be  
ashamed of some of our lakes and rivers in this respect. As for snowshoeing, some of our  
clubs which tramp the White Mountains would compare well with the Montreal Club. In ice  
hockey the Canadian players are still confessedly our masters, but we are coming along and  
the progress is satisfactory. In fact, an American who has made the most of his opportunities  
now in the States finds himself familiar with pretty much all the sports of the known world,  
and is at home in a Montreal carnival as well as on snowshoes in the northern countries.

### WINTER OUTLOOK FOR MATERIAL

Now that the football season is closed, and the arguments as to the style  
of play, the superiority of certain players, the condition of teams, the value of  
coaching all threshed out, the collegian's mind is beginning to turn to next  
spring with interest as to the season on Field, Track and River. While the  
baseball season is the first to open, it is the track sport which comes to its climax  
earliest, the intercollegiate games coming at the end of May, while the Yale-Harvard dual games  
take place a week or two before that. For this reason, among enthusiasts there is more track  
talk just now than baseball conversation.

Another interesting feature of the track situation is that Mike Murphy, that king of trainers,  
will have in charge the Yale track team for the first time since he left New Haven, the scene  
of his initial triumphs some years ago, for Philadelphia. Pennsylvania has several of her  
veterans back, most notable being Tewksbury, the sprinter. With him in shape she could,  
with or without a trainer, practically count upon the 100 and 220, but there is no question that  
Murphy will bring out some new and good talent at New Haven. At Harvard, much interest  
is expressed in the new trainer from the B. A. A., and his work there will be watched with  
great interest in comparison with that of Lathrop, who formerly had matters in charge.  
Princeton has a good lot of material, and her improvement last year has given her added zest  
for these contests.

In addition to the intercollegiate and the dual contests there is much interest expressed  
among the college public as to whether this year is not the proper time for the return visit of  
Oxford and Cambridge. Should this take place, it will add greatly to the general public inter-  
est in track athletics.

In baseball, things are a good deal at sea. The Yale-Harvard games will be played as  
usual, but at the present writing it looks as if Harvard and Princeton had agreed to disagree,  
and that baseball contests between the two will follow the way of their football meetings and  
drop into innocuous desuetude. There is talk of a Princeton-Pennsylvania alliance on the dia-  
mond, but whether that will take on definite form this season is a doubtful question.

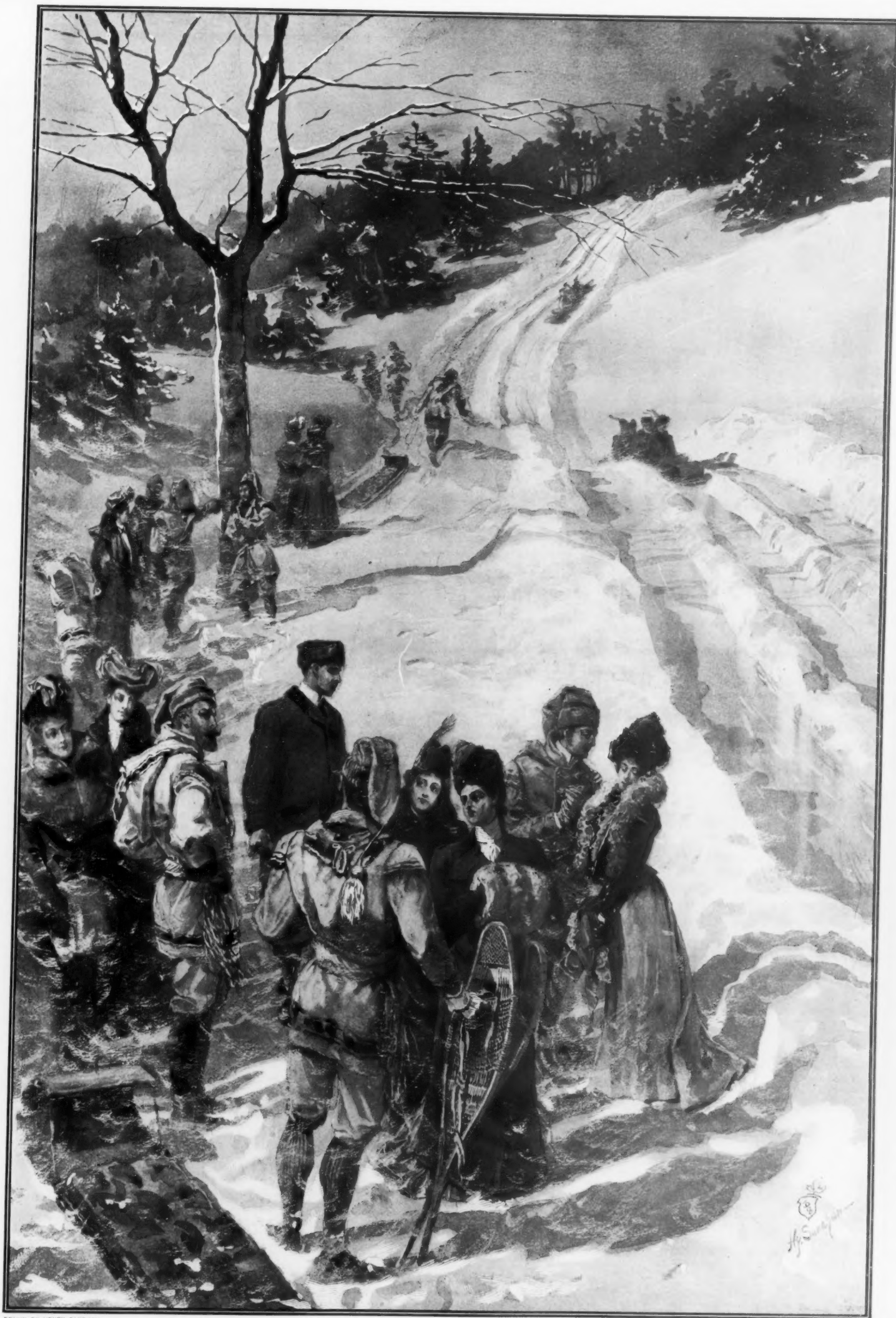
In rowing there will be, as usual, two races, the Yale-Harvard contest at New London and  
the intercollegiate at Poughkeepsie. Just what crews will form the race on the Hudson is, at  
this writing, doubtful; but it is safe to say that Pennsylvania and Cornell will be there fight-  
ing for the lead, and that Columbia will, if funds hold out, send a crew. Wisconsin should  
continue her good showing, by sending another representation if the money can be afforded.  
Whether Georgetown will come up once more has not yet been decided.

### MIDDLE-WEST BASEBALL PROSPECTS

The baseball prospects of the University of Michigan for the coming season  
are the brightest in years. Last season the team made a fine showing, win-  
ning all but three games, and nearly every good player is still on hand. In  
addition there are several capable players who are eligible this year who will  
greatly strengthen the team. Michigan's strong point is the pitching staff.  
There are at least a half-dozen young men in this corps, any one of whom would be a welcome  
addition to almost any college team. Utley, the star among these, was the winning pitcher  
last year. At that time he was practically a new man and weakened a little in a couple of  
games. His experience has taught him much, however, and he will surely rank as one of the  
best pitchers in the Middle West next season.

Chicago and Wisconsin have both improved over last year by the addition of new infielders  
who are regarded as heavy hitters. They were in close pursuit of Michigan in the season of  
1900, and that of 1901 is expected to be even more exciting. Michigan and Chicago will both  
invade the East on short trips during the season. Chicago's dates have not as yet been defi-  
nitely settled. Michigan plays Yale May 22 and Harvard May 25. Two games will be played  
with Cornell, May 17 and 18, one at Buffalo and one at Ithaca. Arrangements are also being  
made with other Eastern colleges for dates, among them Pennsylvania, Williams, Lafayette,  
Brown and Princeton.





DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA—TOBOGGANING

DRAWN BY EMILEN MCCONNELL



## THE COMING OF THE AUTOMOBILE

The question of athletic competition between teams or individuals representing different sections of the country is a most interesting one, and one too upon the proper answering of which depends in a great measure the future athletic development of many quarters. The great difficulties attending a satisfactory solution of this problem lie mainly in the fact that the country is by no means evenly developed in athletics. The first difficulty, therefore, arises from the knowledge that while it would be a most excellent thing for any section of the country where sport is, as it were, in an embryo condition, to have visits from teams and men representing quarters where all kinds of sport have been in existence a long time, there might be many reasons why these representatives should not make these trips. For, in the first place, it leads directly to a lowering of the standard of the sport for the more expert to play with the neophyte rather than with some one quite his match; and, at the same time, not being able to get pleasure from the contest, the expert is quite apt to ask something else, some equivalent again. One has but to cite certain incidents quite fresh in the minds of all who follow sport closely to make this quite patent. Take the case of the interchange of contests between university teams on the Pacific Slope and those on the Eastern Seaboard. The University of California has two or three times sent representative athletic teams East and has had dual games with some of the larger colleges. It has been necessary for them to make up quite a substantial purse at home to provide against the very small guarantees and gate receipts they could secure in the East. But when a team from the East considers a journey to California the guarantee grows into large proportions. When, in 1869, Harvard sent a crew to England, her men made up all the money necessary; so, too, when Yale sent a crew to Henley or a team to compete with Oxford, or when Harvard and Yale jointly journeyed to the old country, the Americans footed all the bills, and such gate receipts as finally came to them bore no relation to their expenses. But when Cambridge came over here, all that was changed, and the Americans once more paid for most of the fiddling. And perhaps it is just. At any rate, it is a fact that the older a country in sport, the older section of the same country will always expect, and will generally succeed in getting, the lion's share of everything tangible. In fact, I should not hesitate to advance the view that if a race between the winners of the Oxford-Cambridge and Harvard-Yale boat races could be arranged on American waters the American collegian would gladly pay the entire bill. If the eight-oared winner of the Henley challenge cup could be persuaded to row the winner of the Poughkeepsie regatta on the Hudson, Pennsylvania and Cornell would gladly see that all expenses were defrayed. And how much would the Henley stewards give toward having the winner of the Poughkeepsie race enter over there, and how much money would Oxford and Cambridge subscribe to have Yale and Harvard come over to the English Thames? On the other hand, what does it cost Wisconsin to row in the East, and what would it cost Pennsylvania to row in the West? It is a good thing to spread sport, but it is not a good thing for athletes to take long trips that necessitate much absence from other duties. And it isn't a good thing to pay too dear for one's whistle, no matter how fondly one would like to hear it.

MR. WHITNEY'S SPORTSMANSHIP

The effort that Mr. William C. Whitney proposes to make toward the actual and practical restoration of game to the Adirondack region is a most laudable one. Yet it is quite the kind of act to be expected from such a sportsman and the father of two such sons as Harry and Payne Whitney, the latter a former captain of Yale's varsity crew and the former as true a sportsman, whether on the polo field or the water, as the present younger generation has turned out. Mr. Whitney's proposition is to take moose and elk from his own preserves near Lenox and, subject to the approval of the Game Commissioners, accompanied by some stricter legislation and enforcement of the game laws, turn them into certain designated sections of the Adirondacks. It is probable that even if the Game Commissioners fail to bring about such legislation and enforcement that Mr. Whitney will stock some of his own land in the Adirondacks in this way. He has owned for some time now land in that region running up close to a hundred thousand acres, and that property of his is policed by his own men, so that he is pretty sure to be safe in trying the experiment. There have been numerous objections offered to the plan, but none of them sufficient to daunt Mr. Whitney. In fact he is a rather difficult man to turn aside when he once makes up his mind to a project, whether in the line of business or sport. And most of these objections are not to the stocking or the desirability of it, but to the possibility of protecting the game sufficiently to have the project result as the promoter hopes and expects. The history of large game in the Adirondacks has been that of first gradual, then very rapid, extinction at the hands of the hunter. Long before the advent of the insatiable white hunter the red man of the forest had his fling at these magnificent creatures. They were his support, his daily meat, and he pursued them with business-like regularity and persistency. Nature, however, compensated for his ravages, and the stock remained up to a generous standard until the white hunter, more enthusiastic and less discriminating, destroyed the admirable balance that existed between the constructive forces of nature and the destructive forces of the red hunters. The Indian ceased killing when he had enough. The white man never had enough; in the name of sport he killed wantonly and plentifully. The Indian was a meat-hunter indeed, but there were "not so many of him," and his destructive scope was more or less limited. As an exterminator he was doubtless willing enough. There is no question that the Indian had the finest of sport in these regions. There is plenty of evidence that the country is adapted to support such life and support it well. But these animals were no match for the white hunter, and, as he came in, they were gradually shot out, and, as he progressed further, they were as thoroughly swept out of existence as they would have been if they had roamed up and down Broadway. Canada has the moose and elk, even Maine has them yet, but there are none left in New York State. Mr. Whitney proposes to make purchases in Maine and Canada. Other gentlemen, among them Dr. Webb, are willing to join him in the project and to contribute animals. The plan has been laid before the Game Commissioners—Messrs. Van Duzen, Landsdowne, Mackey, Woods and Wadsworth—at this writing, and they are considering it. If their co-operation is assured, Mr. Whitney will undoubtedly put his plan in immediate operation.

WALTER CAMP.

## THE COMING OF THE AUTOMOBILE

By HERBERT L. TOWLE

THE CONCEPTION of a self-propelled road vehicle is a very old one, antedating its fulfillment in much the same way that the hope of aerial transit does to-day. As early as the middle of the sixteenth century a Nuremberg mechanic had constructed a "chariot" run by springs, and Roger Bacon, ahead of his age in so many other ways, was not afraid to predict that one day carriages would run without horses.

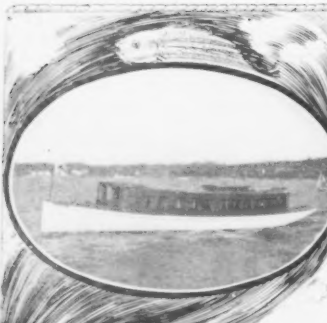
It was but natural, therefore, that with the advent of the steam engine persistent attempts should have been made to adapt this source of power to road locomotion. Beginning in 1770 with the three-wheeled gun-carriage of Cugnot, which never carried a gun, many steam vehicles were built and run, with more or less success, in France and especially in England. Some of them were formidable affairs enough: a line of coaches built by Scott Russell, the gifted designer of the *Great Eastern*, carried twenty-six passengers each, inside and out, and operated in Glasgow for several months in '46; while an enormous three-wheeled structure, built by a Dr. Church in the early thirties, and seating fifty passengers, remains without a parallel in the matter of simple bulk.

The fundamental problem—to construct a vehicle which would travel on the highway without wrecking itself, was therefore early solved. Nevertheless, the automobile of to-day owes very little to these predecessors. The latter all burned coal; they were noisy; and with their conspicuous boilers and stacks they were anything but prepossessing of aspect. They were all more or less experimental, whereas the railroad, which was not an experiment, was then absorbing the surplus capital of both continents. More than all, they were premature. The present motor carriage is the child of many arts, most of which were unheard of ten or twenty years ago, and to produce it it was necessary to sweep the old machines into the dust-bin of obsolescence and to start afresh. The successors of the latter to-day are the traction engines and the commercial trucks; and for forty years after the puffing "fire wagons" of Scott Russell were driven from the streets of Glasgow by the exasperated Scots the passenger automobile almost passed from view.

The first harbinger of the modern machine appeared in 1885. It was a bicycle, propelled by a small gasoline motor, and it was built by the late Gottlieb Daimler, since known as "the father of automobilism." Daimler was one of the earliest workers with the "gas engine," which explodes a mixture of gas and air directly in its cylinder, and thus avoids some of the heat wastes inseparable from the use of steam. Recognizing the advantages of such a motor for vehicle propulsion, Herr Daimler contrived an apparatus for using gasoline, and thus made the vehicle independent of the gas plant. In the same year another German, named Benz, invented a gasoline motor tricycle for two; and from those modest beginnings the present great industry in Europe has grown.







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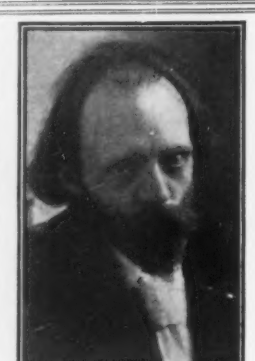
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## THE ROMANCE OF PRIVATE SAUNDERS

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 13)

"Who? Understand who?" demanded her mother.

"Mr. Saunders and I—Private Saunders and I, of course."

Mrs. Berkeley was not the woman to faint. She listened all but speechlessly to her daughter's narrative, while the general silently stroked his mustache as he always did in a crisis.

"He asked me if I loved him. He said he wouldn't tell me his story until I answered. I told him yes, though I admit that I thought—and I hate myself for it—I might backslide if the story was bad."

"Was it bad?" from her father.

"Not very. That's what he told me to say, and that's just it, and I'm not to tell his story to any one. I wouldn't have told you we were engaged only he said I was to tell you and Mrs. Gerlison, but not let it go any further."

"It won't!" from father and mother together.

"Yes, Jack said he was sure it wouldn't." She laughed lightly, then added more seriously: "We walked up and down as he told me the story, forgetting all about the time. How well he talked! And we parted with an understanding which will endure forever. Though we didn't even kiss."

"I should hope not!" devoutly from her mother.

"But we shall some time, many times, mamma. We were too in earnest for that. We just pressed each other's hands. We understood. The contract was sealed."

The weight of the calamity was such as not to permit of its verbal consideration in an open carriage. The father and mother discussed it far into the night in their room, while their daughter slept sweetly and soundly, as confident as a corps with a division in the reserve which is forcing the enemy from his position. The parental plan had complete separation of the couple as a first premise. And thus Nancy stole their thunder after the greeting at the breakfast-table:

"I suppose you are going to have Jack transferred to the Fifteenth in Southern Mindanao, father?"

"Precisely," was the reply.

"Jack said he thought that was what you would do. And, daddy dear, we are not such poor tacticians as not to be prepared to meet routine emergencies. If you do transfer him I shall publicly announce our engagement. Then I shall ask Mrs. Gerlison to take me in. Jack can—"

"Jack!" A shudder from Mrs. Berkeley.

"To be dignified, I should say that Mr. Saunders can let me have his pay, and I'm sure I've enough taste in millinery to earn more. As you know, mother, there is a great demand for an American milliner in Manila."

This ultimatum put altogether a new aspect on affairs. Mrs. Berkeley followed the general to his carriage, where they had a whispered consultation, while Nancy leisurely sipped her coffee, broke her roll into tiny mouthfuls, and smiled both at her own thoughts and at the situation. Finally, the general told his wife that they would best let the matter stand until tiffin. Departing with the intention of going straight to headquarters, his pursuit of the vital subject of his daughter's welfare, which he could not banish from his mind, led him to change his directions to his driver to the Calle Nozalea. He would not have admitted even to himself that he had more confidence in Mrs. Gerlison's opinion on such matters than in his wife's or his own. She had keen ears, indeed, for the great news he bore, and did not forget that she—ever a conscientious woman—was, perhaps, in some measure responsible for this romantic outcome of Mrs. Waindeering's caprice. She cupped her chin in her hands and thought seriously, while her black eyes danced with interest.

"When it comes to us old women," she said, "it's possible; but with girls it's different. They are like the men—easier led than driven. Nancy's resolution is pretty firm already, I take it, and if you wish to make it rockbound I think that Saunders's transfer is precisely the move. As for her coming to live with me, you know that hostage is entirely within the rights of a neutral."

"Yes, but that doesn't tell me how to proceed."

"Oh, if it's advice, you know I never give that unless I am asked."

"That's why so many ask, possibly," said the general.

"Perhaps. Rarity means price. Well, I bid you also consider that crossing a woman's true love frequently means a life of misery for her."

How feelingly Mrs. Gerlison could speak on that subject the Service well knew.

"Nancy is a good girl and a sensible girl, I think. Time will prove whether or not she loves Saunders. And, after all, this young man—I like his looks. Yes, I do like his looks, and I must say I'm not so often deceived. He may be a F. F. V. Mrs. Waindeering is. How I love that woman! What a woman she will be when she matures, while her husband is going to wither up till he creaks and rattles. Or, let us hope that, better than an F. F. V., he's a millionaire's son under discipline. At all events, if he was so bad and deceitful, why shouldn't he have kept the engagement secret and not informed you? Don't you see he could if he wanted to? Or if he was so very wicked why shouldn't he want it generally known? His desire that it be kept within—well, within the family—shows a sense of delicacy and suggests that he is confident of the outcome. If I were you I would try to get Nancy to tell the story, and I would trust her a little more. It might be apropos, if it were not embarrassing, to say that she has a great many of your own sterling qualities, general."

"To separate them means perhaps that she will continue to love him out of contrariness when there is no sound basis for true love. To put them continually together would settle the matter permanently. That being impossible, let him return to his regiment, let them write to each other if they wish, and bide quietly to the *status quo*. I will tell a little story about some manly deed of Mr. Saunders in—well, in saving Mrs. Waindeering's life—Mrs. Waindeering being a friend of ours—and noblesse oblige to one who has seen better days, and so on—or a whiter fib if I can invent it—which will account for Nancy's visits and dispose of gossip, while of course she can't go to Bulacan to see him. And don't you think that if he had done anything very bad it will come out before his enlistment expires?"

The charm of her manner of speaking as much as the subject matter tended to change the face of the world for the general. As he drove away he was almost in a mood to clap Saunders on the shoulder and call him son.

Before tiffin he went directly to Nancy, and, taking her hands in his, he said in the manner of comradeship:

"Your daddy thinks only of your interests. He recognizes fully that the choice of your husband lies entirely within your department. So we'll wait and see how it all turns out. But won't you tell me Mr. Saunders's story?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I promised him not to."

"Then will you promise me not to get married till you have convinced me—not your mother—just me? And I'll not be so hard to convince!"

"I'll ask him," she said.

The note bearing the question to Hospital Number 1 received this reply:

"Certainly. Up to the time my enlistment expires. But not after that."

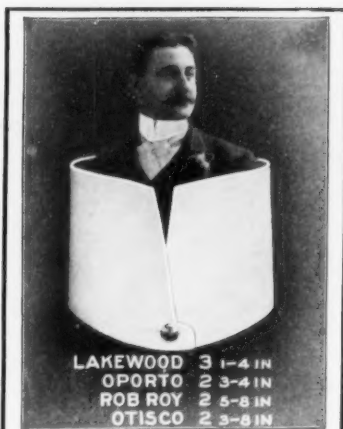
This was satisfactory to the general, and therefore, perforce, to Mrs. Berkeley. Meanwhile, Mrs. Gerlison, who was becoming more and more an ally of the private, was going to try for a commission for Saunders. Once he had bars on his shoulders and was out of the file into the rank, he was anybody's social equal. The first move in her campaign, as her strained curiosity was quick to suggest, was to get Saunders's record. However, when she spoke to him about the matter he replied that he did not care for a commission, and begged her to go no further. This—for reasons of his own, as he said—could not but strengthen the fear that, after all, there was something in Saunders's history from which he had sought escape in the oblivion of a recruiting office.

An astonishing cablegram which fully supported this conclusion was received a few days later by headquarters from the police of San Francisco. It read:

"Hold man enlisted Sixteenth Infantry, assumed name John Saunders, supposed embezzler. Identification photograph mailed."

Mrs. Berkeley, upon reading the copy which the general brought home, reminded him that she had always said forger, and patted her egoism with the thought that embezzler was much the same thing. Both the general and his wife were greatly relieved, for neither now had any doubt of the end of the romance. When, after trying to prepare her with an ample and wordy introduction meant to ease the blow, the general actually laid the explicit,





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abbreviated sentences before Nancy, she was neither angry nor grieved. She passed the message back to her father with a contemptuous smile.

"It's a lie! O, if there is an embezzler in the regiment, it's not Jack."

"Then you still intend to—"

"Of course. If ever a man needs the trust of the woman he is going to marry it's when every one else distrusts him."

Her father began to doubt his daughter's sanity. Mrs. Berkeley conceived the idea that Saunders was a hypnotist as well as a villain.

While her parents waited in misery and indecision for the arrival of the photograph, Nancy continued to face all doubts, even those of Mrs. Gerlison, with charming serenity. On the morning of the day set for his discharge from the hospital, Private Saunders was informed that he would be detained until the chief of police's letter came. He smiled by way of reply with a confidence that had a counterpart in that of a stranger of middle age who called upon Captain Leeds, the commanding officer of the hospital, that afternoon.

Having first asked for Saunders, he then requested an account of how the private had behaved in action and rubbed his hands in delight as he listened. "Yes," Leeds continued, "I took an interest in Saunders, though nobody could get a word out of him as to who he was. I confess that I felt that cablegram as a personal blow."

"What cablegram?"

"Why, the cablegram saying to detain him under suspicion of being an embezzler who had enlisted under an assumed name."

"Rot! rot! That's his real name," said the visitor warmly. "I expected to find bushels of debts in 'Frisco and couldn't find one. He may be wild, but not that. Not much. It isn't in the blood."

"Then you aren't a detective?"

The visitor was about to be very indignant. On second thought he burst out laughing at the absurdity of the idea.

"But look here! I'm wasting time. I came here to see him," he demanded.

When he had conducted his caller to Ward 1, Captain Leeds had the pleasure of being a witness to the meeting of a millionaire of some repute in the iron and steel trade and his only son.

"My boy," said John Saunders, Sr., "I didn't think you'd finish your vacation in this way when I refused your call for money from 'Frisco. You'd been spending pretty heavily, you'll admit, and I wanted to teach you a little economy. But I've got your discharge in my pocket. We can start right back."

"Dad, in two days after I did it—out of deviltry and to escape the monotony of living too easily, I suppose—I realized what a mean thing it was, when I had such a brick for a father, to enlist as a private when I ought to go back to my last year at Princeton. Being in the thing, I concluded to see it out and not make a newspaper story by advertising who I was. So I don't want the discharge. Oh, I've carried a rifle, a hundred and fifty rounds, and three days' rations, and done the whole stunt. I am under the impression, too, that it has made a man of me. And—well, I haven't had such a bad time." Private Saunders paused for a moment. "I can marry Nancy two years sooner, can't I?" he said aloud to himself. Then added: "Father, I don't know but I will use that discharge."

John Saunders, Jr., when the families of Berkeley and Saunders sat down to dinner at Mrs. Gerlison's table a few evenings later, did not wear a coat buttoned up under his chin.

"The beauty of it is," he remarked, "that I told her I was poor though honest. She was to wait until I could make a living first for one and then for two."

"And I would have kept my promise," said Nancy.

THE END

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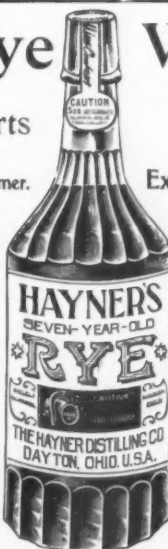
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